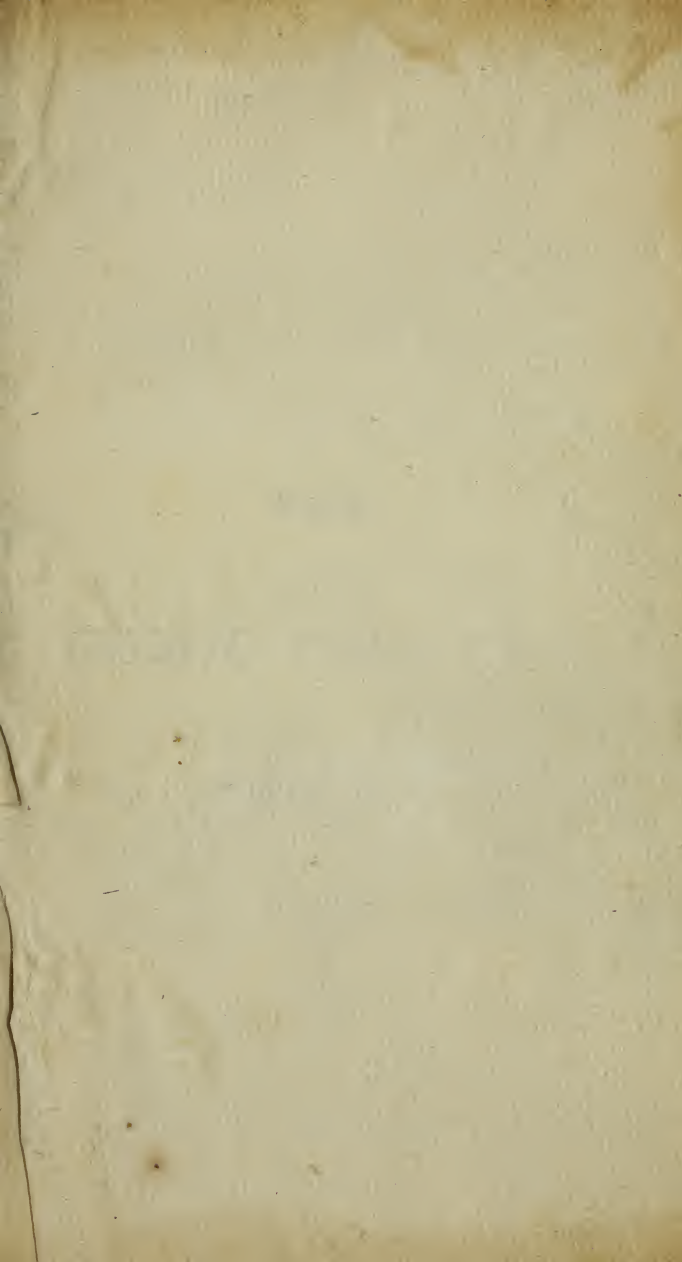




John H. Russell.





THE

COMIC THEATRE.

VOL. V.

STANLEY 31105

THE
COMIC THEATRE.

BEING
A FREE TRANSLATION
Of all the Best
FRENCH COMEDIES.

BY
SAMUEL FOOTE, Esq. and Others.

V O L. V.



L O N D O N:
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THE
MAN-HATER.

A

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

ALCESTES { the Man-hater, in love
 with Celimene.
PHILINTES, his friend.
ORONTES, in love with Celimene.
ACASTES, {
CLITANDER, } marquises.
BASQUE, valet to Celimene.
DUBOIS, valet to Alcestes.
Officer.

CELIMENE,
ELIANTE, her cousin.
ARSINOE, her friend.

SCENE, Paris.

T H E
M A N - H A T E R.

A C T I. S C E N E I.

ALCESTES *sitting*, PHILINTES
standing by him.

P H I L I N T E S.

BUT, pr'ythee, what is the matter? what ails
you?

A L C E S T E S.

Leave me, I tell you.

P H I L I N T E S.

Nay, but let me know what unaccountable hu-
mour——

A L C E S T E S.

Will you be gone?

P H I L I N T E S.

Surely you might give me the hearing without
being angry.

A L C E S T E S.

I will not hear you. I chuse to be angry.

A 2

P H I L I N T E S.

P H I L I N T E S.

Well, you are quite beyond the reach of my comprehension, when you are in these splenetic fits; and, notwithstanding you are my friend, I shall not hesitate——

A L C E S T E S. [*Starting up.*]

I your friend! Scratch that name out of your books, I beseech you. 'Tis true, I have hitherto professed myself such; but, after what I have lately discovered in you, I tell you plainly, I disclaim the title.——No, no—I'll have no share in a corrupt heart.

P H I L I N T E S.

I find, then, you think me to blame.

A L C E S T E S.

To blame?—You ought to die with downright shame! Such an action is inexcusable; and every honest man must be scandalized at it. Did not I see you almost stifle him with your caresses? Did not I hear you profess the greatest affection for him? nay, did not you embrace him with all the transport of oaths and protestations?—And when I enquired who this man of wonderful merit was—you could scarce tell me his name; and the instant his back was turned, your violent fondness grew cool; and you even spoke of him to me with contempt.—'Sdeath! such an infamous, mean, scandalous behaviour! such a prostitution of honour! such a betraying of one's sentiments, is not to be pardoned.—For my part, had I been such a wretch as to wrong my own conscience in this manner, I believe I should have hanged myself the next minute.

P H I L I N T E S.

Well, now, I can find no such hanging matter in all this; and you must pardon me, if, notwithstanding the definitive sentence you have been
pleased

pleased to pass upon me, I should shew a little more tenderness to my own sweet person, and live a while longer.

A L C E S T E S.

Your buffoonery is as fulsome as your flattery.

P H I L I N T E S.

But, seriously, what would you have me do?

A L C E S T E S.

Do?—Be sincere, and act as every honest man should.—Say nothing but what comes from your heart.

P H I L I N T E S.

But, when a person seems to embrace you with rapture, should you not receive him with an equal warmth? return his civility? give him offer for offer, and oath for oath?

A L C E S T E S.

No—I detest that sneaking way which your polite coxcombs affect. Nothing is so nauseous to me as the grimace and cant of those great promisers; those smiling, cringing, hugging puppies; those very obliging speech-makers about nothing, who are for ever overwhelming you with compliments; and treat a man of merit and a blockhead alike. What advantage can you draw from the caresses of a man, who, after swearing the most inviolable friendship, esteem and tenderness for you; after having talked himself out of breath in your praise, to your face, shall, the moment he leaves you, run and do the same to the very first coxcomb he meets? No, no; he must have a mean soul that can be pleased with such prostituted esteem. The most noble loses its relish the instant we find ourselves blended with the crowd. In short, esteem, to gratify, must be founded on preference; and he, who esteems every one, esteems nobody. Therefore,

my good complaisant sir, since you are determined to swim with the current of these rascally times, I have done with you, d'ye see: I throw you back your lavish complaisance that makes no difference.—I will be distinguished—And, to cut the matter short—every one's friend is no friend for me.

P H I L I N T E S.

But custom makes it necessary for us, while we live in society, to wear the exteriors of civility.

A L C E S T E S.

I deny it. That infamous traffic of counterfeit friendship, ought to be, for ever, banished from among us. I would have every one be a man; and, upon all occasions of mutual intercourse, that his words should be the true interpreters of his sentiments. Let the man himself speak; and disdain to hide his thoughts under the mask of empty compliments.

P H I L I N T E S.

But, you must allow, that there are many occasions, in which an absolute freedom of speech would be ridiculous and insufferable. And, with submission to your cynical austerity, I must maintain, that it is frequently right to dissemble our sentiments. Where would be the sense or decency, let me ask you, to tell several of our acquaintance what we really think of them? Or, if I chance to meet a man I hate or despise, is there any necessity for my telling him so?

A L C E S T E S.

Yes.

P H I L I N T E S.

What! you would tell the superannuated coquet, Emilia; that, to set up for a beauty at her age, is the height of folly? and that her painting is the talk of the whole town?

A L C E S T E S.

ALCESTES.

Undoubtedly.

PHILINTES.

Or to Dorilas, that he's a troublesome coxcomb; and that there is not an ear in the drawing-room that he has not flunped over and over again, with the vaunts of his courage and pedigree?

ALCESTES.

Most certainly.

PHILINTES.

You jest sure.

ALCESTES.

I was never more serious; nor am I of an humour to spare the failings of any man. I am too much shocked with their preposterous follies. The court and the city afford nothing but objects to provoke one's spleen. And it fills me with distaste and aversion to all the world, to see the manner in which mankind live at present. Nothing is to be found, wherever you go, but the vilest flattery, injustice, selfishness, treachery, and deceit.—'Sdeath! I cannot endure it. It puts me out of all patience; and I have taken a resolution to set my face against all mankind.

PHILINTES.

Come, come, this is being a downright savage. I cannot help laughing when I see you in this gloomy mood; and thinking that you and I, who were brought up together, are like the two brothers, in Moliere's school for husbands, who ——

ALCESTES.

Psha! damn your comparisons!

PHILINTES.

Nay, but, seriously, let me advise you to leave off this eternal wrangling. Do you think to mend the

world by it? Trust me, you'll find yourself egregiously mistaken; and since you are so very fond of freedom, I'll be free with you, and tell you, that this petulant humour of your's serves only to make all your acquaintance laugh at you: and, in a word, that these furious invectives against the manners of the age, have made you ridiculous to every body.

A L C E S T E S.

So much the better. By heavens so much the better; I am glad of it to my soul; for I have all mankind in such hatred and contempt, that I should be mortify'd to the last degree, to be thought wise by them.

P H I L I N T E S.

You wish very ill to human nature.

A L C E S T E S.

I do, I have the utmost aversion for it.

P H I L I N T E S.

What, for all poor mortals without exception? Does this age produce nothing good? Nothing estimable?

A L C E S T E S.

No, not one; I hate the whole human race, because they are either fools or knaves; or the vile flatterers of those who are; and strangers to that noble hatred, which every honest heart bears to vice. And as an instance of this unjust and excessive complaisance, see how that villain, with whom I am at law, is received by the world; you may discover the traitor thro' his mask; and he is every where known for what he is. His hypocritical leer, and whining tone, impose only on those who do not know him. Yet, notwithstanding the brand of infamy glows conspicuous in his forehead; notwithstanding that every one as he passes is ready to hail him with the epithets of cheat, rogue, abandoned

doned miscreant ; yet, I say, his grimace procures him admittance every where : even people who have a pretence to reputation entertain him, laugh at his jests, and are not ashamed to be seen in his company. If there is any place to be contended for, he is sure to carry it against a man of the greatest merit. 'Sdeath ! these things stab me to the soul ; and I cannot live and see vice treated with complaisance. In short, I have frequently a strong inclination to fly into a desert, and retire from the commerce of all mankind.

P H I L I N T E S.

Lord ! what occasion have you or I to torment ourselves about the manners of the age ? Let us be more favourable to human nature, and not examine it too severely ; but rather view its failings with the eye of compassion. We should live in the world with a tractable virtue ; excess of wisdom is often a vice ; true reason avoids extremes, and teaches us to be wise with temper. That inflexible stiffness of the stoic virtue clashes too much with the customs of the present age. It requires a degree of perfection superior to mortal frailty ; we should bend a little to the times ; for the man who sets up for a corrector of the world, is the most disagreeable and ridiculous of all characters. I observe every day, as well as you, a hundred things that I think might be amended ; but tho' I am not blind to them, yet you do not see me fall into a rage against them as you do. I am content to take mankind as I find them ; I put a restraint upon myself to bear with their actions : and, I believe, that at court as well as in the city, my phlegm is as good philosophy as your choler.

A L C E S T E S.

But this phlegm, mr. reasoner, is it never to be provoked ? Suppose you have a friend who betrays

you ; suppose you are cheated out of your estate ; or your character is aspersed by a villain ; can you suffer all this without being in a passion ?

P H I L I N T E S.

Yes, indeed can I ; those faults which put you into such a ferment, I look upon as blemishes inseparable from human nature. In a word, I am no more discomposed at seeing a man a cheat, a tyrant, or a betrayer of his trust, than to see a vulture ravenous after his prey, a monkey do mischief, or a wolf growl with rage and fierceness.

A L C E S T E S.

Mighty pretty ! so I am to see myself betray'd, robbed, torn to pieces, and not——Zounds ! I'll say no more about the matter ; there's something so impertinent in this way of reasoning.

P H I L I N T E S.

In good truth you'll do well to be silent ; I wish you would cease railing so violently at your adversary, and attend a little more to your suit.

A L C E S T E S.

Not I, by my faith.

P H I L I N T E S.

Why, who would you have for a solicitor ?

A L C E S T E S.

Who ?—reason, equity, my right.

P H I L I N T E S.

I suppose then you will not wait upon the judge.

A L C E S T E S.

Wait on the judge ! for what reason, pray ? Is my cause unjust or doubtful.

P H I L I N T E S.

I do not say it is ; but law-suits are precarious you know ; and——

A L C E S T E S.

ALCESTES.

Once more I tell you, right or wrong, I'll not stir a step.

PHILINTES.

Do not be too confident.

ALCESTES.

I'll not move.

PHILINTES.

Your antagonist is powerful, and by his interest may spin out——

ALCESTES.

No matter.

PHILINTES.

You'll find you have been in the wrong.

ALCESTES.

I'll trust to that.

PHILINTES.

But——

ALCESTES.

Suppose I chuse to lose my cause?

PHILINTES.

Well, but after all——

ALCESTES.

I am determined to see by the issue of this trial, whether men can be so abandonedly wicked and perverse as to do me injustice in the face of the world.

PHILINTES.

What an unaccountable man!

ALCESTES.

Let my loss be ever so great, it will be a pleasure to me, that I can say I lost my cause by the goodness of it.

PHILINTES.

P H I L I N T E S.

In sober sadness, Alcestes, every creature will laugh at you for talking thus.

A L C E S T E S.

With all my heart;—the worse for those who laugh.

P H I L I N T E S.

But pray as to this rectitude, this exactness you demand in every thing, this consummate justness; do you find it in the lady here, to whom you have given your heart? I am amazed, that notwithstanding the irreconcilable hatred you appear to have for mankind, you can still find charms in her; and I am still more astonished at the nature of your choice. Eliante has a sincere affection for you; even the prudish Arsinoe looks on you with an eye of tenderness; and yet your soul, regardless of their wishes, dwells only with Celimene, whose coquettish humour, and malicious wit, seem to give so strongly into the manners of the present age. How is it possible, then, that hating them so mortally as you do, you can endure so much of them in this lady? Is it that they are no longer faults in so charming an object? or are you really blind to them, or seeing, can excuse them?

A L C E S T E S.

No;—my love for this young widow does not make me blind to her faults; and in spite of my passion, I am the first to see and condemn them; yet, do what I can—I must confess my weakness, she has the art of pleasing me. In vain I see her defects; in vain I blame her for them; in spite of myself, she makes me love her. Her beauty overcomes every other consideration: besides, I have no doubt but my sincere love will, in time, purify her soul from these modish vices.

P H I L I N T E S.

P H I L I N T E S.

If you can perform this, it will be a noble deed.
I find you think she loves you.

A L C E S T E S.

Yes, or I should not love her.

P H I L I N T E S.

But why, then, if she shews an affection for you,
does the apprehension of a rival make you uneasy?

A L C E S T E S.

Because a heart, deeply in love, claims all to itself. And 'tis with that design I am come hither to tell her freely, upon this, whatever my passion inspires.

P H I L I N T E S.

Well, were I to be indulged in my wishes, her cousin, Eliante, would have all my devotion. Her heart, which you know has a tender esteem for you, is besides generous and sincere; and, in my opinion, she is every way worthy your addresses.

A L C E S T E S.

I own it. My reason tells me so every day; but love, you know, will not be directed by reason.

P H I L I N T E S.

Well, I doubt greatly of the success of your passion; and the hope you flatter yourself with may possibly——

S C E N E II.

Enter O R O N T E S.

O R O N T E S.

I was informed that Eliante and Celimene were gone to make the tour of the shops; but understanding, sir, that you were here, I came up to tell you, with the sincerest heart in the world, that I
have

have conceived the most excessive esteem for you ; and that for a long time I have entertained the most ardent ambition to be ranked in the number of your friends. Sir, I love to do justice to merit ; and am inflamed to be joined to you in the bands of amity. And I presume, sir, that a zealous friend, and of my rank too, is by no means to be despised. [*Alcestes stands musing all the time of this speech, and seems not to hear it*] Sir, it is to you, if you please, that I am speaking.

A L C E S T E S.

To me, sir ?

O R O N T E S.

Yes, sir, to you. I hope there is nothing offensive in it to you ?

A L C E S T E S.

No, sir, not in the least ;—but I must own it surprizes me, as it is an honour I did not expect.

O R O N T E S.

The esteem I have for you, ought not surely to surprize you. Why, sir, it is what you may challenge from all the world.

A L C E S T E S.

Sir ?——

O R O N T E S.

Our nation cannot boast of any thing superior to your merit.

A L C E S T E S.

Good sir !——

O R O N T E S.

You must give me leave, sir, to insist that I prefer you to every thing that is most considerable in it.

A L C E S T E S.

But, sir——

O R O N T E S.

O R O N T E S.

Heaven exterminate me if I do not speak my real sentiments ; and to convince you of it, permit me to embrace you with all sincerity of heart, and demand a place in your friendship. Your hand, sir, if you please——Will you promise me your friendship ?

A L C E S T E S.

Sir——

O R O N T E S.

Surely you will not refuse me.

A L C E S T E S.

Sir, you intend me too great an honour : but friendship is a sacred thing ; and to make it too common is to profane it. Judgment and choice are necessary to make such a contract ; and we ought to know each other better before we unite in that tie. It is possible, sir, our tempers may be such, that we may both repent our bargain.

O R O N T E S.

Spoken with consummate wisdom, 'fore God ! and I esteem you, if possible, infinitely more than ever. Let us wait then till time shall strengthen this union ; and in the mean time I devote myself wholly to your service. If you have any affairs at court, every one knows I have the honour of his majesty's ear in a particular manner. And between you and I, he treats me with the greatest familiarity. In a word, I live but to serve you ; and as I know the depth of your understanding, and the shining wit you are possessed of, I am come, as a prelude to our future friendship, to shew you a sonnet I have lately made, and to ask your opinion if I may venture it abroad.

A L C E S T E S.

Sir, I am a very improper person to determine any thing of that kind, and therefore hope you will excuse me.

O R O N T E S.

O R O N T E S.

Excuse you? Why so, my good sir?

A L C E S T E S.

Because I have the fault of being rather more open and sincere than may perhaps be proper in these matters.

O R O N T E S.

Why that is the very thing I desire, and I shall think I had reason to complain of you, if when I thus lay myself open to you, you should betray me, by disguising your sentiments, or with-holding the least particle of your true judgment from me.

A L C E S T E S.

Well, sir, since you are pleased to put it upon that footing, I am ready to comply with your request.

O R O N T E S.

I thank you most heartily. Be pleased to attend then, [*Reading.*] “A sonnet;” it is a sonnet. “Hope,”—it is upon a certain lady, who had flattered my passion with some hopes. “Hope,” this is none of your lofty pompous high-sounding verse; but mild, tender, and languishing like the subject.

A L C E S T E S.

Well, sir, we shall see.

O R O N T E S.

“Hope,”—I don’t know whether you may think the stile altogether so clear or easy as it should be, or the words so properly chosen; but——

A L C E S T E S.

We shall be better able to judge by hearing it.

O R O N T E S.

However, it may be necessary to acquaint you that it was struck off in a quarter of an hour.

A L C E S T E S.

Well, sir, the time is of no signification.

O R O N T E S.

O R O N T E S. [*Reads.*]

Hope its true a-while may ease,
And lull our anxious cares to rest ;
But Phillis can a state e'er please,
With no succeeding pleasures blest ?

P H I L I N T E S.

I am already charmed with this little passage.

A L C E S T E S. [*Aside to Philintes.*]

'Sdeath ! can you have the assurance to like this
stuff ?

O R O N T E S. [*Continuing.*]

Tho', Phillis, you had complaisance,
'Twould have been better you had none,
Than put yourself to the expence
Of giving empty hope alone.

P H I L I N T E S.

Ah ! how elegant is that thought ?

A L C E S T E S. [*Aside to Philintes.*]

Curse on your infamous flattery ! to commend
such doggrel.

O R O N T E S. [*Again.*]

If doom'd eternally to wait,
My ardent zeal t'extreams will fly ;
In vain you'll strive to stop my fate,
To death for refuge I will fly.
For know, thou too-enchancing fair,
Eternal hope is deep despair.

P H I L I N T E S.

Well, the close is infinitely pretty, amorous and
agreeable.

A L C E S T E S. [*Aside.*]

Rot your close !

P H I L I N T E S.

I never heard any thing that pleased me better.

ALCESTES. [*Aside.*]

Oh, intolerable!

ORONTES.

Dear sir, you flatter me, and perhaps think——

PHILINTES.

Pardon me, sir, I assure you it is no flattery.

ALCESTES. [*Aside to Philintes.*]

What is it then, sycophant?

ORONTES. [*To Alcestes.*]

But pray, sir, favour me with your opinion;—you'll remember our agreement;—I beg you'll be sincere now.

ALCESTES.

Sir, affairs of this nature are very delicate. Every one is fond of being flattered for their wit. But I'll tell you what a reply I once made to a certain person, whose name I will conceal, when he shewed me some verses of his; it was this. A fine gentleman, says I, should' always be very careful how he indulges an itch for writing, and ought to keep a strict guard over that vanity self-love, which makes people fond of shewing their productions to every one, and passing for authors: and that the man who is fond of seeing himself in print, frequently appears in a very ridiculous light.

ORONTES.

Do you mean by this, to intimate that I am to blame for wanting to publish——

ALCESTES.

Pardon me, sir, I don't say so;—but I told this gentleman, that to write ill, does a man the greatest injury. There needs no greater weakness to decry him in the opinion of the world; and though possessed of ever so many good qualities, the world would always look upon the blind side.

ORONTES.

O R O N T E S.

Why, fir, do you find any faults in my fong?

A L C E S T E S.

I do not fay I do ; but to deter him, I fet before his eyes the examples of feveral worthy perfons of the prefent age, who had been utterly fpoilt by the phrenzy of writing.

O R O N T E S.

What! do I write ill? or refemble thofe perfons?

A L C E S T E S.

I do not fay that—but in fhort, continued I, what neceffity drives you to this rhyming, or forces you into print? If the publishing a bad thing can be excufed in any one, it is only in thofe poor devils who are obliged to write for bread. Be advifed, refift the temptation, keep the amusements of your idle hours from the public view; and do not be drawn, by the perfuafions of any one, into the unpardonable folly of forfeiting the character of a gentleman, and a man of merit, for that of a wretched fcribbler. This is what I endeavoured to make him comprehend.

O R O N T E S.

Mighty well! very pretty i'faith!—I fancy I can underftand you: but may I take the liberty of asking you, what there is in my fonnet that——

A L C E S T E S.

To be free—you had better lay it by in your clofet. You have been mifled by copying after ill models. Your expreffions are unnatural: for inftance, what is “Lull our anxious cares to reft?” And where's the fense of “Put yourfelf to the expence of giving empty hope alone?” or, “Eternal hope is deep defpair?” This figurative ftile, which fome people value themfelves fo much upon, is equally diftant from truth and good tafte: 'tis mere affectation.

affectation and jingle, and nothing like the language of nature ; and I dread the consequences of the ill taste of this age in these matters. Our forefathers, unrefined as they were, gave proofs of a much better : and I'll repeat you, with your leave, an old song, that, in my opinion, is far preferable to all the bombast now in vogue.

If king Henry had granted me
 His Paris large and fair ;
 And I, for it, behov'd to quit
 The love of my true dear :
 Thus would I say ; my liege, I pray,
 Take back your Paris fair ;
 Much more I love my own true dove ;
 Much more I love my dear.

The rhyme, indeed, is but poor, and the stile is old ; but who cannot perceive that it is infinitely preferable to all those affected fooleries, which are an insult upon good sense ; and that here, pure passion speaks unfettered by art ?

If king Henry had granted me
 His Paris large and fair ;
 And I, for it, behov'd to quit
 The love of my true dear :
 Thus would I say ; my liege, I pray,
 Take back your Paris fair :
 Much more I love my own true dove ;
 Much more I love my dear.

Here are the feelings of a heart truly touched, as truly expressed. Yes, my good laughing sir, [*To Philintes.*] I must tell you, in spite of all your wits, as they call themselves, I value this beyond the fustian, pomp, and false glitter, of the stuff that's so commonly cry'd up.

O R O N T E S.

Perhaps so. Now I maintain that my verses are good.

A L C E S T E S.

They may be so, to you; you have your reasons for thinking them so, no doubt; but you must give me leave to have mine too, which do not chuse, perhaps, to submit to your's.

O R O N T E S.

Sir, 'tis enough for me that others prize them.

A L C E S T E S.

They may have the art of dissembling; I have not.

O R O N T E S.

Do you think, then, that you have such a prodigious share of wit?

A L C E S T E S.

You would, perhaps, think I had some, if I commended your verses.

O R O N T E S.

Ah! as to that—I shall be content, without your approbation, I assure you.

A L C E S T E S.

You must be content without it, I assure you.—

O R O N T E S.

I wish you would give us a specimen of your abilities, by writing on the same subject.

A L C E S T E S.

I might have the ill fortune, perhaps, to write as bad; but, at least, I should not have the folly to expose it.

O R O N T E S.

You seem mighty positive, methinks; and this very great sufficiency, let me tell you——

ALCESTES.

A L C E S T E S.

Sir, you may seek your admirers elsewhere, and not trouble me.

O R O N T E S.

However, do not carry it quite so haughtily, if you please, my little sir.

A L C E S T E S.

Good faith, my great sir, I carry it as it ought to be carry'd.

P H I L I N T E S. [*Interposing.*]

Fye, gentlemen! for heaven's sake! this is carrying things too far.

O R O N T E S.

That's true. I am to blame—I own it, and I'll quit the place. Sir, I'm your most obedient servant, with all my heart. [*Exit Orontes.*]

S C E N E III.

P H I L I N T E S.

So—you see now what you've got by your sincerity. You're like to have a fine business upon your hands. Why, I saw plainly, that Orontes, for the pleasure of being flattered——

A L C E S T E S.

I will not be talked to.

P H I L I N T E S.

But——

A L C E S T E S.

I desire no more of your company.

P H I L I N T E S.

This is too——

A L C E S T E S.

Leave me.

P H I L I N T E S.

If I——

A L C E S T E S.

A L C E S T E S.

No more prating.

P H I L I N T E S.

Nay, but——

A L C E S T E S.

Again?

P H I L I N T E S.

This is offering such an affront——

A L C E S T E S.

Fire and furies! this is past bearing! Do not follow me.

[*Exit Alcestes hastily.*]

P H I L I N T E S.

Positively I will. Why, you cannot be in earnest?

[*Exit Philintes after him.*]

END of the FIRST ACT.

ACT

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter ALCESTES *and* CELIMENE.

ALCESTES.

SHALL I speak freely to you, madam? I am by no means satisfy'd with your behaviour. I cannot smother my resentment. And, if matters go on thus, I see a rupture is inevitable. Was I to talk otherwise, it would be only deceiving you. Yes, I say, sooner or later, we must part: and, if I was to swear a thousand oaths to the contrary, yet so it will be.

CE LIMENE.

And so, I find; you have seen me home purpose-ly to have an opportunity of quarrelling with me.

ALCESTES.

No, no, I don't desire to quarrel with you; but your disposition, madam, your disposition, that gives free access to every fool who offers, is what I cannot bear. Are not your doors perpetually besieged by a troop of lovers? and do you think my heart can bear this without resentment?

CE LIMENE.

Good God! am I to blame if I have a number of lovers? How can I help people's thinking me handsome? and, if they will come and pay their addresses, would you have me take a stick and beat them out of doors?

ALCESTES.

A L C E S T E S.

No, madam, there's no occasion for a flick ; but only a little more reserve on your side. I know that you carry your beauty with you every where ; and that your over-abundant good-nature rivets those chains your charms have imposed. A little decent severity would soon rid you of this crowd of flatterers. But, pray, be so kind as to tell me, how Clitander has been so happy as to gain your good graces ? What merit, what sublime virtue, entitles him to a place in your esteem ? Is it that you surrender, with all the rest of the fashionable fools, to the charms of his full-bottomed wig ? Has he gained your heart by his red heel'd shoes ? or does the profusion of embroidery with which he is covered, make him appear so amiable in your eyes ? or is it his dimpled smile, or squeaking voice that have captivated you ?

C E L I M E N E.

Can any thing be so unjust as your jealousy of that man ? You know well enough why I shew him a little countenance. He may be of singular use to me in my law-suit ; and has actually promised to engage all his friends on my side.

A L C E S T E S.

Madam ! madam ! you should rather nobly resolve to lose your cause, than entertain a rival wom you know to be disagreeable to me.

C E L I M E N E.

But you are jealous of every living creature.

A L C E S T E S.

Because every living creature finds reception with you.

C E L I M E N E.

Well now, do you know that this should be the very reason why you should be easy? You might have some cause to complain, if I shew'd a regard to any one particular person.

A L C E S T E S.

But as you are pleas'd to blame me for my jealousy, madam, what privilege do I enjoy above the rest of the tribe that infest this house?

C E L I M E N E.

The satisfaction of knowing that.

A L C E S T E S.

But what reason has my fond heart to believe this?

C E L I M E N E.

Methinks since I have taken the pains to tell you so, that might be a sufficient reason.

A L C E S T E S.

But who can satisfy me that you do not in the same breath make this declaration to others?

C E L I M E N E.

Well, I protest this is excessively gallant for a lover, and highly respectful. But to rid you entirely of this apprehension, I here unsay all I have said before; and nothing shall, for the future, impose upon you but yourself. Will this content you?

A L C E S T E S.

Death and furies! why am I fated to love you? Oh! if I could but redeem my heart from your slavery. how blessed would be my condition. I will not conceal from you, that I use my utmost endeavours to break this cruel attachment. But, alas! they still prove fruitless; and heaven has ordained as a punishment for my sins, that I must still continue to love you.

C E L I M E N E.

C E L I M E N E.

I must confess your passion for me is without an equal.

A L C E S T E S.

Yes! madam, yes! I may defy the world to produce a more ardent lover. My passion exceeds all conception; and no one ever loved as I do.

C E L I M E N E.

Your manner of expressing it, however, is somewhat new; for you vent your flame in invectives; and are the most furly mutinous lover that ever enlisted under the banners of Cupid.

A L C E S T E S.

But it depends wholly on you to dissipate this chagrin. Come, for heaven's sake let us resolve to put an end to all our disputes at once; let us deal ingenuously with each other, and endeavour to put a stop to——

S C E N E II.

Enter B A S Q U E.

C E L I M E N E.

How now?

B A S Q U E.

Acastes, madam, is below.

C E L I M E N E.

Shew him up then.

S C E N E III.

A L C E S T E S.

This is the way: I never can have a moment's opportunity of talking with you alone; you are for ever receiving visits, and never will suffer your servants to deny you.

B 2

C E L I M E N E.

C E L I M E N E.

Would you have me quarrel with the man ?

A L C E S T E S.

You have more caution than I like.

C E L I M E N E.

Lord, he is a person that would never forgive me, if I shewed the least unwillingness to see him.

A L C E S T E S.

And is that any reason for not putting such a restraint upon yourself ?

C E L I M E N E.

Oh ! but consider, the friendship of such people is not to be slighted ; he has some way or another gained the ear at court ; and tho' he may not be able to serve one, perhaps, yet he may do me a great deal of injury : and however one's interest may be supported otherwise, it is always necessary to avoid all difference with these talking gentry.

A L C E S T E S.

In short, it is in vain to argue with you ; for say what I will, you have always some excuse for admitting all comers ; and your very wise precautions——

S C E N E IV.

Re-enter B A S Q U E.

B A S Q U E.

The marquis Clitander is come to wait on you again, madam.

A L C E S T E S.

So !

[*Going.*]

C E L I M E N E.

Where are you running ?

A L C E S T E S.

A L C E S T E S.

I shall leave you.

C E L I M E N E.

Nay, but stay.

A L C E S T E S.

For what?

C E L I M E N E.

Stay, I tell you.

A L C E S T E S.

Indeed I cannot.

C E L I M E N E.

But I insist upon it.

A L C E S T E S.

Indeed I shall not ; I am plagued to death with your visiting fools ; and to think I'll endure such conversation——

C E L I M E N E.

Once more, I tell you, I will have you stay.

A L C E S T E S.

'Tis impossible !

C E L I M E N E.

Why then do as you please ; you are at your liberty.

S C E N E V.

Enter ELIANTE, PHILINTES, ACASTES and CLITANDER.

E L I A N T E. [*To Clitander entering.*]

Here are the two marquises come with us. Did any one give you notice ?

C E L I M E N E.

Yes. Chairs here. [*Basque sets the chairs, and exit.*]
What you are not gone yet ? [*To Alcestes af.de.*]

A L C E S T E S.

No, madam ; for I am determin'd you shall now declare yourself in favour of one of us——

C E L I M E N E.

For heaven's sake hold your tongue.

A L C E S T E S.

This very day.

C E L I M E N E.

Have you lost your senses ?

A L C E S T E S.

No ; but you shall absolutely declare yourself.

C E L I M E N E.

My God ! you cannot be in earnest sure ?

A L C E S T E S.

You shall fix upon one or the other.

C L I T A N D E R.

I am just come from court, ladies, where Cleontes has made himself compleatly ridiculous at the levee. Has the poor man no friend charitable enough to tell him of his follies ?

C E L I M E N E.

That man makes himself very disagreeable in company. He exposes himself at the first sight ; and when you see him again, you find him more extravagant than before.

A C A S T E S.

Extravagant ! if you talk of that, I am just come from being persecuted by one of the most insufferable extravagants. Damon,—you all knew him, that eternal reasoner. Would you think it ? By all that's good he had the face to keep me a whole hour out of my coach in the sun.

C E L I M E N E.

What a strange talkative creature it is ! He has
always

always the art of saying nothing to you with an eternal redundancy of words. There is no telling what he is talking about; and when you have listened for an hour together, it is only to an empty noise.

ELIANTE. [*To Philintes aside.*]

A pretty beginning this! The conversation is falling into a very charitable train of exposing one's acquaintance.

CLITANDER.

There is Timantes too, madam, another original.

CE LIMENE.

Oh! he's all a mystery from head to foot. He stares you in the face as he passes; and is for ever in a hurry without having any thing to do. If he speaks to you, he throws himself into a thousand shapes, and perfectly overwhelms you with ceremony. If any one else is speaking, he is sure to interrupt the conversation, by having some secret to whisper in your ear, which at length proves to be nothing. He magnifies every trifle to a miracle; and gravely tells it you in a whisper, if it is only a good morrow.

A C A S T E S.

Then there's Giralde, madam——

CE LIMENE.

What that tiresome story-teller! who never descends from his loftiness. He is perpetually thrusting himself into the best company, and scorns to talk of any one under the degree of a prince, a princess, or a duke. In short, quality has turned his brain; and his whole conversation is about Flanders mares, dogs, race-horses, and equipage. He *thee's* and *thou's* persons of the first rank; and *sir* is a word he never uses.

CLITANDER.

They say Pelisa is prodigiously fond of him.

CELINE.

A poor low-witted creature ! and the most horrible company ! I suffer martyrdom whenever she comes to see me : one's invention must be for ever on the rack to find discourse for her ; and after all, she cannot keep it up for five minutes, so strangely barren is she in all manner of expression : she keeps an obstinate silence that bids defiance to all attacks of wit and humour ; and the common topics of conversation are entirely thrown away upon her. The fine weather, the rain, or the cold, are exhausted in an instant ; and yet her visits are always of an insupportable length : and you may ask her what's o'clock, or look on your watch, or gape, or rub your eyes for an hour together, it moves her no more than if she was a statue.

ACASTES.

What say you to Adraſtes ?

CELINE.

The very quinteſſence of pride. Self-conceit has ſwelled him to a monſter. His exceſſive merit has always ſome quarrel with the court ; and he conſtantly curſes it ſix times in the four and twenty hours ; it is his daily exerciſe : and there's not a grant beſtowed, or a place given away, or a patent filled up, but he is ſure to exclaim againſt the injuſtice and partiality of it.

CLITANDER.

But young Cleon, where all the beſt company rendezvous to-day, what ſay you of him ?

CELINE.

That he is obliged to his cook for all his merit ; and is viſited only for the ſake of his table.

ELIANTE.

ELIANTE.

No one keeps a better.

CELINE.

True, if he kept away from it himself. But then a fool is always a standing dish at it; and his own insipid person spoils the whole entertainment.

PHILINTES.

His uncle Danus is generally well received; pray what is your opinion of him, madam?

CELINE.

Oh! he is one of my friends.

PHILINTES.

I think him a very worthy man.

CELINE.

He is so; but I am downright angry with him for aiming at too much wit; he is for ever laying out for a repartee: and since he has taken it into his head to frequent the beau monde, he is become so excessively nice, that nothing can please him. He finds fault with every new production; for it is a maxim with him, that it is beneath a man of wit to commend. He thinks he shews his learning by criticising; and that none but blockheads admire, or suffer themselves to be moved to a laugh. In short, that by condemning every modern work in the lump, he appears the Aristarchus of the age. He exercises the same severity upon conversation too; common discourse is too mean for him; and he stands in company with folded arms, and a supercilious eye, as if his supreme wit looked down with pity and contempt on every thing that was said to him.

ACASTES.

His very picture, 'fore God! ha! ha! ha!

C L I T A N D E R.

Well, your ladyship is a perfect miracle at drawing to the life.

A L C E S T E S.

Mighty well! mighty well! my good friends of the court; you spare no-body in your way, every one comes in for his turn; and yet you never see any one of those gentlemen you have been so bespattering, but you run with open arms, and the most violent raptures, to receive him; press him to your breast, and swear a thousand flattering oaths of being for ever devoted to his service.

C L I T A N D E R.

Why this to us, sir? if there is any thing in this conversation that hurts you, it is this lady whom you should address yourself to.

A L C E S T E S.

No, by heavens, it is to you, gentlemen, whose obsequious grinnings seduce her wit, and draw from her those censorious reflections; and perpetually encourage her in this satyrical humour, which she would never indulge, unless she found it applauded. And half the vices which we censure in mankind, are owing to the base incense of flatterers and sycophants.

P H I L I N T E S.

But why are you so zealous an advocate for these people, who are guilty of the very vices you condemn?

C E L I M E N E.

Oh! you know the gentleman must contradict; would you have him subscribe to common opinion? or not display, on all occasions, that thwarting talent by which he is so peculiarly distinguished? It is impossible he should be pleased with any one's judgment but his own. He looks upon himself as bound by honour to oppose it; and thinks he should appear

appear vulgar to agree with any one in sentiments. Nay, the glory of contradicting has such charms for him, that it frequently sets him at variance with himself; and he will dispute his own real opinions the moment he finds them espoused by another.

A L C E S T E S.

Mighty well, madam! you have the laughs on your side; and you may be as satirical as you please.

P H I L I N T E S.

But really now, Alcestes, this is nothing but the truth; your wit is perpetually on the watch for whatever one says, and by a morose humour, which you seem to pride yourself in, you can never bear to hear one condemn or find fault.

A L C E S T E S.

'Sdeath! is not the reason very plain? Men are always in the wrong, and consequently give one perpetual reason to be out of humour; and because I see that, on all occasions, they either praise impertinently, or censure absurdly.

C E L I M E N E.

Nay, but ———

A L C E S T E S.

Look you, madam, if I was to die for it, I must speak my sentiments. — Your amusements have something in them that I cannot bear: and those do you the greatest injury, who meanly soothe and encourage you in your attachment to faults, which they themselves blame you for.

C L I T A N D E R.

What d'ye mean, sir? May I die if ever I thought the lady could possibly have any faults.

A C A S T E S.

A C A S T E S.

I see millions of charms and perfections in her ; but for faults, may I perish if I can perceive the shadow of one.

A L C E S T E S.

I am sorry to say that I can see but too many ; and she knows I make it my daily care to tell her of them. The greater our love for an object, the less we ought to flatter it. It is the characteristic of true love not to pardon any errors : and were I a woman, I would banish all those servile lovers who shewed a slavish submission to all my sentiments ; and whose senseless complaisance made them worship my most extravagant follies

C E L I M E N E.

So then, if all lovers were to take rules from you, they must banish every thing that had the appearance of tenderness ; and make it the principal mark of their passion, to rail very heartily at the person they adore.

E L I A N T E.

Love, generally speaking, is quite the reverse of this ; and your modern lovers are, on all occasions, boasting of the happy choice they have made. Their passion will not suffer them to see any thing amiss in the admired object ; even faults pass for perfections in their eyes ; and they have the prettiest indulgent epithets for them imaginable. If their mistress is pale, she is fairer than jessamine ; if black, her countenance is awful ; the brunette is enchanting ; tho' as thin as a skeleton, she is easy, and delicately shaped ; if as big round as a tun, she is majestic and stately. The flattern is a negligent beauty, void of studied charms. The giantess is a divinity ; the dwarf an epitome of heaven's wonders ; the proud has a soul formed to govern the universe ; the artful is a wit ; the fool all gentleness

tleness and affability; the eternal talker is most agreeable company; and the silent fair shews a modest reserve. In short, a true passionate lover is enamoured even with his mistress's frailties.

A L C E S T E S.

May be so; but if I do not make it appear——

C E L I M E N E.

For heaven's sake let us quit this conversation, and take a turn or two in the gallery.—I hope you will not leave us, gentlemen?

C L I T A N D E R *and* A C A S T E S

No, madam, by no means.

A L C E S T E S.

You are mightily afraid of losing your company, methinks. Look you, gentlemen, you may stay as long as you please; but I tell you plainly, I shall not stir till you are gone.

A C A S T E S.

Rather than the lady should be uneasy, I am fixed here for the day.

C L I T A N D E R.

And, for my part, I have nothing to call me, till the king retires to his bedchamber.

C E L I M E N E.

You have a mind to divert yourself, surely.

A L C E S T E S.

Not at all; I shall soon see whether 'tis my company you want to be rid of.

S C E N E VI.

Enter B A S Q U E.

B A S Q U E. [*To Alcestes.*]

Sir, here is a man who says he must speak to you immediately,

immediately, about an affair that will not admit of delay.

ALCESTES.

Tell him I know of no such pressing business.

BASQUE.

Sir, he has a coat with huge plaits, and all bedawb'd with gold lace.

CE LIMENE. [*To Alcestes.*]

Will you not go and see what his business is? or at least desire him to come in?

ALCESTES.

Walk in, sir.

S C E N E VII.

Enter an OFFICER.

ALCESTES.

What is your business with me, pray?

OFFICER.

Sir, I have a word for your private ear.

ALCESTES.

You may speak out, if you please, I have no secrets.

OFFICER.

Then, sir, the marshals of France, whose commands I have the honour to bear, gave you notice to appear before them immediately.

ALCESTES.

Me, sir? I——

OFFICER.

Yes, sir, you.

ALCESTES.

On what account, pray?

PHILINTES.

P H I L I N T E S.

I'll be hang'd if it is not the ridiculous affair between Orontes and you.

C E L I M E N E.

What affair?

P H I L I N T E S.

Why, madam, Orontes and he had some little dispute about a copy of verses, which our friend here did not like; and this summons, I suppose, is to compromise the matter before it becomes serious.

A L C E S T E S.

I will never be brought to make any mean concessions.

P H I L I N T E S.

But you must obey the summons; therefore prepare to——

A L C E S T E S.

'Sdeath! what would they compromise between us? Shall the sentence of these gentlemen oblige me to like the verses? No, I'll abide by my first opinion. They are stuff! damn'd stuff!

P H I L I N T E S.

But you might have used more temper.

A L C E S T E S.

I'll not abate a tittle, they are execrable!

P H I L I N T E S.

You ought to give your opinion with moderation. Come, will you go?

A L C E S T E S.

Yes. But nothing shall make me retract what I have said; the verses——

P H I L I N T E S.

Well, well, time will shew——

ALCESTES.

ALCESTES.

If the king, indeed, should send me his express commands to praise them, in that case I must be obliged to do it; but till then, may I perish if I will not maintain, with my last breath, that they are intolerable; and that he that made them ought to be hanged. [*To Clitander and Acastes, who laughs.*] Death and furies! gentlemen, I did not think I was so diverting.

CELINE.

Go, go, make your appearance.

ALCESTES.

I'm going, madam; but depend upon it, I'll return presently, and put an end to our dispute.

[*Exeunt Alcestes and Officer at one door, and the rest of the company at the other.*]

END of the SECOND ACT.

ACT

A C T III. S C E N E I.

Enter CLITANDER and ACASTES.

CLITANDER.

MY dear marquis ! what a happy man you are ; every thing pleases you ; and nothing can give you one moment's uneasiness. But tell me ; do you think, without flattering yourself, that you have absolute reason to be thus gay and contented ?

ACASTES.

Let me perish, if, upon the most serious consideration, I can find one single subject for a melancholy thought. I have a handsome fortune, thank my stars ; am young, and descended from a family that may, with some reason, be called noble : and I believe, with this advantage, there are few places at court, of any consideration, that I do not stand fair for. As to courage, which is a quality every gentleman ought to value himself upon ; there the world will do me justice. I have called out my man more than once, and have come off with honour. Then for wit, every one allows I have it ; and a taste to judge and reason upon every thing without the pains of study. I make no inconsiderable figure in the side-box at the first night of a new play ; which is a pleasure I doat on to idolatry. I always decide there in chief, and disturb the whole house with bravo ! bravo ! encore ! encore ! I have a tolerable address ; a good person ; good teeth ; and a shape
that

that is unexceptionable. And I think, without flattering myself, that, for dress, no one will be so weak as to dispute the palm with me. In short, I am, myself, every where admired and caressed. I am the darling of the women, and the envy of the men. And lately at court, no one stands on a better footing than myself. Now, I humbly conceive, my dear marquis, that, with all these advantages, a man may be allowed to be satisfied with himself.

CLITANDER.

True; but, since you find it so easy to make conquests elsewhere, why, in the name of fortune, do you lavish your sighs away here?

A C A S T E S.

Who? I, my dear? Oh! I beg your pardon there. No, no; I am not of a rank or humour to sigh for a cruel beauty. Let those of inferior mould, your vulgar lovers, consume eternally in fruitless flames; languish at their mistress's feet; suffer the most rigorous treatment; seek relief from sighs and tears; and, by a tedious succession of cares, labour, in vain, for what is refused to their diminutive merit. But people of my air, marquis, are not formed to live upon trust, and be at all the expence themselves. For, be the merit of the fair ever so great, we are worth our price, fore Gad! as well as they. And it is my peremptory opinion, that she who would have the honour of possessing an heart of mine, is, in reason and conscience, bound to offer some equivalent for it: and that, to make it fair on all sides, both should contribute equally to the advances.

CLITANDER.

Hum!—Then, you think you are very well here, marquis?

A C A S T E S.

A C A S T E S.

Yes, marquis, I have some reason to think so.

C L I T A N D E R.

Let me advise you then, to correct this mistake. You flatter yourself, my dear.—You are blind—that's all—stark blind, indeed.

A C A S T E S.

I own it.—I flatter myself—I am blind ha ! ha ! ha !

C L I T A N D E R.

But, pry'thee, what has drawn thee to believe thy success so complete ?

A C A S T E S.

Lord ! I flatter myself.

C L I T A N D E R.

What do you ground your faith upon ?

A C A S T E S.

I am blind !

C L I T A N D E R.

Have you any proofs ? any clear demonstrations ?

A C A S T E S.

I am stark blind, I tell you.

C L I T A N D E R.

Celimene has made you some secret confession perhaps, ha ?

A C A S T E S.

No,—I am treated like a devil.

C L I T A N D E R.

Nay, but, answer me, I beseech you.

A C A S T E S.

I meet with nothing but repulses.

CLITANDER.

C L I T A N D E R.

Come, come, truce with your raillery, and tell me what hopes have been given you.

A C A S T E S.

Hopes? alas! I am the hapless wretch, and you the favoured swain. Why, she has the utmost aversion to my person.—And such is my despair, that, one of these days, I shall certainly hang myself:

C L I T A N D E R.

Will you never be serious?—Heark'e, marquis, will you agree to a proposal for adjusting this affair of ours? namely, that whichsoever of us two can produce an undeniable mark of preference in the heart of Celimene, the other shall cede his pretensions to the victor, and free him from the trouble of a rival?

A C A S T E S.

With all my soul.—I like the thought, by Jove!—and agree to it with my whole heart. But soft——

S C E N E II.

Enter C E L I M E N E.

C E L I M E N A.

Here still, gentlemen?

C L I T A N D E R.

Love, madam; love has fixed us to the spot.

A C A S T E S.

I just heard a coach stop below—Do you know who it is?

C L I T A N D E R.

Not I.

S C E N E

S C E N E III.

Enter B A S Q U E.

B A S Q U E.

Madam, Arsinoe is come to wait on your ladyship.

C E L I M E N E.

What would the creature have with me?

B A S Q U E.

And madam Eliante is with her.

C E L I M E N A.

What business can she have here? or who sent for her? Shew her up [Exit Basque.

A C A S T E S.

That Arsinoe passes every where for a perfect puritan; and so ardent is her zeal——

C E L I M E N E.

Pha! mere grimace. In her heart she's like the rest of the world, and is perpetually contriving to gain an heart without being able once to succeed. She is ready to burst with envy to see any one have a lover; and her gloomy abandoned merit is continually exhausting itself in invectives against the blindness of the age. She endeavours to hide the frightful solitude, in which she lives, under a pretended veil of discretion: and to save the credit of her feeble charms, she would make that a crime which she has it not in her power to enjoy. Yet I assure you that her sage ladyship would not start at a lover; and Alcestes has found the way to move that obdurate heart of her's. She can never forgive the affront he offers her charms, by making his addresses to me, and would have it thought I have stolen him from her; and wherever she goes, she

she lets loose her jealous resentment against me. In short, I never met with any thing so shocking and absurd. She is the very quintessence of folly and impertinence ; and——

S C E N E IV.

Enter Arsinoe, Celimene seeing her, runs and catches her in her arms.]

CELIMENE.

My dearest creature ! what kind chance has brought you hither ! I declare I have been prodigiously uneasy at not having seen you so long.

ARSINOE.

I come, madam, to give you some advice as a friend.

CELIMENE.

Well, I protest I am overjoy'd to see you.

CLITANDER and ALCESTES.

Ha ! ha ! ha ! [*Exeunt laughing.*]

S C E N E V.

ARSINOE.

These gentlemen could not have withdrawn in a more seasonable time.

CELIMENE.

Come, shall we sit ?

ARSINOE.

It is no matter.—Friendship, madam, cannot shew itself more effectually than in those things which nearly concern us ; and as nothing can be of more importance than to maintain the character of honour and decency, I come to give you proofs of the esteem I have for you, by a caution which concerns

cerns your reputation. I was yesterday in company with some persons of distinguished merit and virtue, where the conversation turned upon you; and I am sorry to say, madam, that your conduct, which makes no little noise in the world, had the misfortune to be condemned by every one present. The crowd of visitors which you admit, without distinction; your gallantry, and the talk it occasions, was rather too much canvassed, and more severe than I could have wished. Your ladyship will easily judge what part I took. I said all I could in your vindication; I excused you upon the innocence of your intentions, and declared that I could take upon myself to answer for your principles. But you know there are some things in life which one cannot excuse. even tho' one had the greatest inclination to do it, this was exactly the case here; and I found myself constrained to allow that your manner of living is somewhat blameable; that it has a bad appearance in the eyes of the world, and exposes you to the most bitter attacks of malice, which has not scrupled to raise the most disagreeable stories concerning you; and that, with a little prudence you might so conduct yourself as to give less occasion for reflection. Not that I believe your virtue in the least contaminated; heaven forbid I should entertain such a thought: but you know, my dear madam, the very shadow of a crime easily meets with belief, and 'tis not enough to live blameless to one's self. I am convinced you are so reasonable as not to take this advice otherwise than as it is meant; and that you will impute it to the secret impulse of that zeal for your interest, which engages me to look upon your concerns as my own.

C E L I M E N E.

I have an infinity of thanks to return you, madam, for your sage and friendly advice. It lays
me

me under the greatest of obligations; and to convince you how far I am from taking it amiss, I shall this moment acknowledge the favour, by giving you some advice, which nearly concerns your honour likewise: and since you have given me a proof of your friendship, by informing me of the reports which are published of me, I shall follow the generous example, by telling you all I have heard said of yourself. Happening upon a visit the other day, some persons of distinguished merit were talking of the true conduct to be observed by all who would live in the world with the reputation of honour and virtue; when the conversation insensibly turned upon your ladyship; when your great preciseness, and affectation, of zeal were mentioned, as not the most commendable models in the world. Your air of prudery, your eternal lectures upon wisdom and honour, your frowns and exclamations at the least shadow of indecency, that might perhaps be found concealed under a doubtful expression; the excessive value you set upon your merit, and the scornful pity with which you regard every one else, and the never-ceasing censures you pass upon the most innocent things in the world; all these, I say, my dear madam, were universally condemned. What signifies her outside of modesty, said they, and that appearance of sanctity so different from her known character? She never misses morning and evening prayers through the year; but then she beats her servants, and never pays them their wages. She seems a mode of piety in every place of devotion; but she paints, and dies to be thought handsome. She cannot bear the least immodesty in a picture; but while she carefully covers the shadow, in her heart she lives the reality. For my part, I protest to you, I was a warm advocate for your ladyship, and vowed it was all scandal. But I had the ill fortune to be over-ruled, and one and all came

to this resolution, that it would become you much better to be less clear-sighted to the actions of others, and take a little more care of your own. That people should examine their own conduct very nicely, before they ventured to pronounce sentences against that of their neighbours; and that they should begin the noble work of reformation at home, and correct by the force of a good example. I am persuaded, madam, you have too just a sense of reason and friendship to take this advice otherwise than it is meant; and will in your turn impute this information to the secret impulse of that zeal for your interest, which engages me to look upon your concerns as my own.

A R S I N O E.

Tho' I am sensible that in reproving a friend, we frequently expose ourselves to their displeasure, yet I must confess I did not expect so smart a reprimand from you, madam; and the sharpness of it convinces me that my plain dealing has touched you, madam.

C E L I M E N E.

So far from that, madam, that I am of opinion, with a little prudence, this mutual freedom might be brought into more general practice. It would be an excellent cure for that blind partiality we are all apt to have for ourselves; and it will be entirely your fault, madam, if we do not continue the friendly commerce hereafter with equal zeal, and not let slip the smallest occasion to inform each other of what the world says of us.

A R S I N O E.

Oh! dear madam! it is impossible to hear any thing of you—It is I, madam; I alone who furnish occasion for reflections.

C E L I M E N E.

Really, madam, I believe every thing is alike open to praise and censure; and every one may be in the right so far as they follow their years and humour. There is a time of life that is proper for gallantry, and another for prudery and reserve. Some may fall into it out of policy, when the bloom of youth is faded and gone; and it is then a most excellent covering for infirmities and loss of power; and I would not swear but I shall tread in your steps some twenty years hence. Time and age work surprising changes. But you know, my dear friend, it would look horrible in one to put on the prude at nineteen.

A R S I N O E.

In truth, madam, you value yourself upon a very slight advantage; and make a most furious bustle about your youth. But give me leave to say, madam, that whatever years I may have more than you, they give your ladyship no such mighty superiority over me. And I really do not understand, madam, how I can have provoked your resentment to insult me in this manner, madam.

C E L I M E N E.

Nor can I understand, madam, why you should take the liberty to fall upon my character in all companies? why must your spleen be eternally venting itself upon me? Can I help it if you are slighted? If my person inspires love, and I am every day teased with repeated addresses, which I know you would be glad to deprive me of, is it any fault of mine? You have a free stage, madam; and certainly it is not I who hinder you from making conquests.

A R S I N O E.

Alas! do you think the number of lovers you are so proud of can give me the least uneasiness?

Or

Or that I cannot easily judge at what price they may be had? Have you the vanity to think the world will believe that it is purely your merit that attracts this crowd; that they burn for you with an honourable passion; or that it is to your virtue they make their court? No, no, my dear, the world is not so easily imposed on; we see many who are formed to inspire the most virtuous and tender sentiments, yet are not followed by lovers; whence it is easy to conclude that some people do not gain hearts without being at the expence of making considerable advances for them. No one is an humble servant to a face only; and at length our sex must always pay for the incense that is offered us. Do not then let a few trifling conquests fill you with so much vain glory. Moderate a little the insolence of beauty, and learn to treat people less haughtily on that score. If there should be those who are mean enough to envy your conquests, madam, I believe it would be no hard matter for them to have the same: and by throwing off all restraint, to let your ladyship see that those may have lovers who are fond of having them.

C E L I M E N E.

Have them then, in God's name, madam. Let us see this rare secret put in practice. Force yourself to please; and without——

A R S I N O E.

It will be better to break off this conversation, madam, as it may otherwise transport us too far; and indeed I had taken my leave as I ought, before now, if I was not obliged to wait for my coach.

C E L I M E N E.

You may stay as long as you think fit, madam, nothing that has passed need hasten you away. But not to tire you with ceremony, I am glad I have it

in my power to entertain you with better company than mine; and that chance has brought a gentleman to my house, who will supply my place much more to your satisfaction.

S C E N E VI.

Enter ALCESTES.

CE LIM E N E.

Your servant, sir; I must beg the favour of you to keep this lady company while I go and write a letter that must be dispatched immediately. [*To Arsinoe.*] I know, my dear, you'll be so good as to pardon my rudeness. [*Exit Celimene.*]

S C E N E VII.

A R S I N O E.

You see, sir, I am left to entertain you for a moment, till my coach comes; and to say the truth, Celimene could never have obliged me more sensibly, than by the pleasure of your agreeable conversation. People of sublime merit attract the love and esteem of every one; and your's has certainly some secret charm that engages my heart in all your interests. Methinks I could wish the court would do more justice to your merit, sir. Indeed you have great reason to complain at the little distinction shewn you; and I am very angry to see that nothing is done for you.

A L C E S T E S.

For me, madam! Why what pretensions have I? What service have I done the state? Or what actions have I to boast of, that are so meritorious as to give me just cause of complaint, that the court does nothing for me?

A R S I N O E.

A R S I N O E.

Those who partake of the favours of a court have not always merited it by signal services. There must be opportunity as well as power. And in short, your conspicuous merit alone ought——

A L C E S T E S.

For heaven's sake no more of my merit; what has the court to do with me? It would have enough to do was it to seek after merit to bestow rewards upon.

A R S I N O E.

True merit, sir, requires not the seeking after; it shews itself; your's sir, is sufficiently known; and permit me to say that I had the pleasure of hearing the warmest commendations given you yesterday by people of the greatest consequence.

A L C E S T E S.

Why, madam, people now-a-days praise all the world; and the present age is a stranger to just discernment; every thing is called by the name of merit: so that praise, in short, is no honour; we are every day surfeited with encomiums, they are become so cheap; and 'tis not a week since my valet de chambre was in the Gazette.

A R S I N O E.

For my part, I wish, that to bring you more into public view, there was any employment at court, that could be a temptation to you. If you would but signify the least inclination to accept of any thing, engines might be set at work; and I myself have persons at my command, whom I intend to employ in your favour, and who have it in their power to make the way very easy for you.

A L C E S T E S.

And what would you have me do there, madam? My disposition is such, as would rather oblige me

to banish myself from thence. Heaven, when it sent me into the world, gave me a soul that is absolutely incompatible with the manners of a court. I am not endowed with qualifications necessary to succeed in it, or make my fortune there; my chief talent is to be open and sincere; I am a stranger to the art of wheedling in conversation; and he that has not the gift of concealing his thought, ought not, I'm sure, to reside long in such a climate; you have not elsewhere, indeed, the interest, the shew, the title, which a court bestows; but in return for the want of these advantages, you are free from the necessity of acting very foolish parts, and the mortification of acting a thousand cruel shocks; you are not obliged to praise my lord such a one's poetry; to flatter my lady's lap-dog; or laugh at the impertinencies of a foolish marquis.

A R S I N O E.

Well, sir, since you will have it so, we'll leave this subject of a court. But I must take the liberty to complain of you in relation to your love, and tell you my thoughts upon it. I could wish, indeed, your ardour was better bestowed. You certainly merit a much gentler fate; and the lady you are charmed with is very undeserving of you.

A L C E S T E S.

But when you say this, madam, you will be pleased to consider that this lady is your friend.

A R S I N O E.

True: but I could not answer it to my conscience to see you so grossly abused any longer. My soul is afflicted at your condition; and you may take it from me that your passion is betray'd.

A L C E S T E S.

This shews a very tender concern for me, madam;

dam ; and the information you are pleased to give me, cannot but be very obliging to a lover.

A R S I N O E.

But, sir, be she never so much my friend, I must and will pronounce her unworthy to possess the heart of a person of your merit ; and that her affection by no means equals your's.

A L C E S T E S.

It may be so, madam ; it is difficult to penetrate the recesses of the heart. But your charity might have made you cautious how you endeavoured to inspire mine with such a suspicion.

A R S I N O E.

If you are resolved, sir, not to be undeceived there's nothing more to be said.

A L C E S T E S.

No, madam ;—but upon this subject, whatever may be represented to us, doubts are of all things the most distracting ; and I can thank no one for informing me of what they cannot make undeniably appear.

A R S I N O E.

Very well, sir ; then you shall receive full conviction upon this matter ; and I shall desire you to believe nothing but your own eyes. If you will only take the trouble to accompany me home, I will then give you a very convincing proof of your mistress's infidelity ; and if your heart can be susceptible of a regard for another, perhaps there may be room to offer you consolation.

[*Exeunt Arsinoe and Alcestes.*]

END of the THIRD ACT.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter ELIANTE and PHILINTES.

P H I L I N T E S.

N O—Never was so inflexible a spirit, nor any accommodation so difficult to be effected. All endeavours to bend him were in vain. There was no making him retract a tittle of his sentiments. And, on my soul, I believe the wisdom of these gentlemen was never put to it to make up so whimsical a quarrel before. No, gentlemen, said he, I will not depart from my opinion. I'll consent to every thing you can desire of me but this—And, pray, how have I affronted him? What would he have me say? Does his not writing well impeach his honour? Has my opinion in any wise injured him, that he should thus resent it? I hope you will allow, a man may be a very worthy person and yet a wretched poet. I am ready to acknowledge, that he is, in all other respects, a fine gentleman; that he is a man of quality, of merit, of courage; wat you will: but, still, he's a damned writer. I'll commend his equipage if you please; his way of living; his riding, fencing, dancing; but, as to praising his verse!—I'm his very humble servant; and will insist upon it, that a man who has the misfortune to write no better than he does, should never think of making verses, unless obliged to it, to save himself from the gallows. In short, all the submission they could
get

get from him, and that not without the greatest difficulty, was to say, in a much gentler strain, as he thought, I am sorry, sir, I happen to be so difficult; and, in respect to you, I should be glad, with all my soul, that I could have liked your sonnet better. So the affair was terminated, by obliging them to shake hands, and drop the prosecution.

E L I A N T E.

He's extremely singular in his manner; but, I confess, it makes him more valuable in my eyes: and that sincerity of soul, in which he prides himself, has somewhat pleasingly heroic. It is an uncommon virtue at present; and I wish it was more universally to be met with.

P H I L I N T E S.

For my part, the more I know of him, the more I am astonished at the passion to which he abandons himself. And I cannot conceive, how an heart, formed like his, could possibly entertain a thought of love; and much more, how your cousin should be the person, of all others, to engage his affections.

E L I A N T E.

He is a strong example, that love is not always produced by a parity of dispositions; and all the reasons for that tender sympathy are here confuted.

P H I L I N T E S.

But do you believe, from what appears, that she really loves him?

E L I A N T E.

It is difficult to know the truth of this, since she herself hardly knows the sentiments of her own heart. She sometimes loves without being sensible of it; and thinks she feels a passion when there is nothing in it.

P H I L I N T E S.

I am afraid our friend will find more cause of uneasiness with your cousin than he imagines; and, if he was of my opinion, he would certainly turn his eyes on some other object, and shew a just discernment, by thankfully receiving that goodness you are pleased to express towards him.

E L I A N T E.

For my part, I am an enemy to dissimulation; and I think that, in such matters, we ought to speak ingenuously. I do not oppose his present passion; but, on the contrary, were it in my power, I would put him in possession of the object he loves. But, if the event of such a choice, as it is not impossible, should prove contrary to his wishes, and he is destined to make some other woman happy, I shall not blush to declare, that I should have no aversion to his addresses; and should not like him the less for having been refused by another.

P H I L I N T E S.

Neither would I, madam, I do assure you, oppose such an union; as I am far from having any objection to the preference you are pleased to give him: nay, he himself can, if he will, inform you what I have repeatedly said to him on this subject. But, if fate should have destined Celimene and him for each other, and, by that means, exclude you from your wishes, I should think no endeavours, no assiduities, too great to gain your favour, and enjoy that blessing your goodness now reserves for him. Happy, if you would deign to transfer those sentiments you now have for Alceste, to the tender and respectful Philintes.

E L I A N T E.

You are pleased to divert yourself, sir.

P H I L I N T E S.

No, madam, I now speak the true sentiments of my heart ; and only wait for an opportunity of declaring myself more openly ; an opportunity which I shall joyfully embrace, and——

S C E N E II.

Enter A L C E S T E S.

A L C E S T E S.

Ah, madam ! do me justice, I beseech you, for an insult that has triumphed over all my constancy.

E L I A N T E.

What is the matter, Alcestes ? what can have thus moved you ?.

A L C E S T E S.

I have just met with what I could never have conceived ! and, was the whole universe to fall on my head, it would not overwhelm me as this discovery has done—But 'tis over—My love—My fond tender passion—I cannot speak.

E L I A N T E.

For heaven's sake, endeavour to compose yourself !

A L C E S T E S.

Just heavens ! must so many detestable vices meet in so heavenly a form ?

E L I A N T E.

But, once more, what——

A L C E S T E S.

Ah ! I am ruined ! undone ! betray'd ! Celimene—Can it be credited ? Celimene has deceiv'd me——She is false !

E L I A N T E.

E L I A N T E.

Have you just grounds for this belief?

P H I L I N T E S.

Perhaps 'tis a supposition too lightly conceived, and only a jealous chimæra that has taken possession of your mind.

A L C E S T E S.

'Sdeath, sir! meddle with your own affairs. I think it is demonstration enough of her infidelity, madam, to have in my pocket here, under her own hand; yes, madam, under her own hand, a letter which she has wrote to Orontes; to that very Orontes whom I thought was her greatest aversion! and who, of all my rivals, gave me the least uneasiness!!

P H I L I N T E S.

A letter may often deceive; and is not always to be made the ground of belief.

A L C E S T E S.

Sir, once more, will you be pleased to leave me, and trouble yourself with what belongs to you.

E L I A N T E.

But, you should moderate your transports; for their violence——

A L C E S T E S.

This, madam, is a work that requires your assistance. To you my heart flies for aid, to free itself from the grief which now oppresses it. Help me to be revenged on your ungrateful and perfidious cousin! who has so basely abused the most tender and constant affection. Revenge me of an insult, madam, which ought to strike you with horror.

E L I A N T E.

I revenge you, sir? which way——

A L C E S T E S.

A L C E S T E S.

By deigning to receive my heart, of which I now make you an offer. Take it from that faithless woman; and thus concur with me in my revenge! I am desirous to punish her by the profound love, respect, devotion, and assiduous service which I am ready to shew you from this moment.

E L I A N T E.

I cannot but sympathize with you, sir; nor do I undervalue the heart you offer me; but, perhaps, you have not sustained so great an injury as you may suppose; and it is possible you may, very shortly, forego this desire of revenge. When the wrongs we suffer come from an object we adore, it is common to form many designs, in the first emotions of our resentment, that are dropt almost as soon as conceived. It avails nothing, that we may have the most powerful reasons for a breach; the offender, who has an hold in our heart, is sure to meet with a warm advocate there; and the anger of a lover quickly vanishes.

A L C E S T E S.

No, madam, no! the affront is mortal—It is past recall; and I abandon her for ever! My resolution is fixed beyond the power of changing; and I could not, without doing the greatest violence to my reason, once entertain a thought of loving her again. Here she comes! I feel my rage redouble at the sight of her. I'll stay, however, purely to confound her with the stinging reproach of her black guilt; and then bring you a heart, madam, entirely disengaged from her perfidious charms. [*Exeunt Eliante and Philintes.*]

S C E N E III.

Enter C E L I M E N E.

A L C E S T E S.

Grant me, kind heaven, to master my transports
in this encounter !

C E L I M E N E.

Mercy on us ! he here ! [*Aside.*]—For heaven's
sake, Alcestes ! what means the confusion I see
you in ? What am I to understand from those deep
sighs and dismal looks you cast upon me ?

A L C E S T E S.

The meaning ? that the most horrible crimes
the world has ever produced, are innocent failings,
compared to your perfidy ! That neither heaven
nor hell, ever yet, in their wrath, produced a crea-
ture half so wicked as yourself !

C E L I M E N E.

Mighty tender, indeed ! and what I cannot but
greatly admire !

A L C E S T E S.

Base woman ! think not to make a jest of this
matter. This is no time for raillery ! You ought
rather to be covered with blushes, when you know
that I have the most convincing proofs of your
treachery. Say, now, were all my suspicions vain ?
were the alarming presages of my troubled soul
mere groundless fears, and the effects of a gloomy
jealousy ? In spite of all your artful precautions,
and nice address in dissembling, my genius still
whispered to me what I had to fear. But, do not
presume that I will patiently support my wrongs ;
or basely stoop beneath the affront without seeking
for revenge. I am sensible there is no command-
ing

ing the affection; that love rejects, with disdain, all force or restraint; and that the heart, by nature free, will admit of no chains but those of its own chusing: therefore, I should have no reason to complain, had you declared your sentiments of me without disguise, and openly repulsed the first advances of my passion; then I could have had no pretence to your heart. But, to flatter me with a false approbation, is a perfidy for which no punishment can be sufficiently severe: and I am excusable for following the dictates of the most implacable hatred. So, look to yourself, madam; you have every thing to expect from the most abused, the most incensed of lovers. I am no longer master of myself; I am enflamed with mortal rage, and smart with the wound you have given my too fond heart. I give myself up, without reserve, to the impulse of a just resentment: and I cannot answer to what extremities I may be hurried.

C E L I M E N E.

But, after all, what, I beseech you, has occasioned these tragedy-airs? Have you lost your senses?

A L C E S T E S.

Yes, I have lost them indeed! Then! then! I lost them, when first, to my misfortune, I drew, from those fatal eyes, the poison with which I die; when I flattered myself, too believing fool! that I had found sincerity in those treacherous charms which bewitched my soul.

C E L I M E N E.

Why, what treachery have you to complain of?

A L C E S T E S.

Patience, good heaven! that double heart! how perfectly has it learnt the art of dissembling!

But,

But, to drive it out of all its holds—To strike it at once with unanswerable confusion!—Look here! Do you know your own vile characters?—This letter!—Oh distraction!—This letter!—Let this overwhelm you with confusion!—This guilty evidence, that admits of no reply.

CE LIM E N E.

And is this all that has put you into such a taking?

A L C E S T E S.

Can you see it and not die with blushing?

CE LIM E N E.

Blush! I blush? for what pray?

A L C E S T E S.

'Sdeath! do you join audaciousness to infidelity and deceit? Perhaps you'll disown it because the name is wanting.

CE LIM E N E.

Why should I disown my own hand?

A L C E S T E S.

Is it possible you can see it without being confounded at the perfidy, towards me, with which its contents accuses you?

CE LIM E N E.

Well, you are certainly the most extravagant creature!

A L C E S T E S.

What! can you hold out against such a convincing proof of your guilt? and do you think that I can bear, with any temper, the favourable sentiments you express here for Orontes, and in a manner so shameful?

CE LIM E N E.

Orontes! Who told you this letter was for him?

A L C E S T E S.

A L C E S T E S.

The person who put it into my hands this very day. But, supposing it is to any other; has my heart less reason for complaint? or are you the less culpable in regard to me?

C E L I M E N E.

Well, but, supposing it should be intended for one of my own sex; for a woman; how are you ill used then? or in what am I culpable?

A L C E S T E S.

Ah! this is a fine evasion! an admirable excuse, indeed! This, I must confess, exceeds all I could have imagined; and now I am perfectly convinced. Are you not ashamed to have recourse to such gross tricks? and do you think I am so blind to all discernment? But proceed: I would fain, methinks, see how you can support such a falsity; or, with what female arts you will endeavour to cover those expressions of a warm passion, with which this cursed letter abounds. How will you construe these words which I am now going to read to you?

C E L I M E N E.

It is not my pleasure to do it; and I think you assume a very impertinent and unwarrantable liberty to dare say what you do to my face.

A L C E S T E S.

No flights of passion, madam! but coolly explain to me the meaning of what you have here written.

C E L I M E N E.

No, I'll not give myself that trouble! and, since matters are come to this length, I am quite indifferent what construction you put upon it.

A L C E S T E S.

But let me entreat you only to shew me how
this,

this letter can be written to a woman, and I shall be satisfied.

C E L I M E N E.

No, no ; it is to Orontes, and I wish you to believe it. I receive all his addresses with satisfaction. I am pleased to hear him express his passion. I esteem his merit. In a word, he is every thing to me that you please ; so, pray, take your measures accordingly ; no one will desire to detain you, I assure you, sir ! but, for heaven's sake, do not tease me with your ridiculous jealousy any more.

A L C E S T E S. [*Aside.*]

Heaven ! is it possible to conceive any thing more cruel ? was ever lover treated like me ? though I have the most justifiable cause in the world to be angry ; yet, when I come to complain, the quarrel is turned upon me. My uneasiness and suspicions are worked to the highest pitch. I am left to believe every thing. 'Tis all made a matter of sport and triumph. And yet—my heart is so weak and abject, as not to be able to break its chain, nor arm itself with a just disdain against so ungrateful an object. [*To Celimene.*] Perfidious woman ! with what skill can you turn my weakness on myself ! and take a base advantage of the boundless and fatal passion those deceitful charms have inspired ! But, in the name of heaven ! clear yourself at least ; clear yourself from a crime, the suspicion of which distracts me ; and do not longer obstinately affect to appear guilty. Convince me, if possible, that this letter may be innocent : my fondness is ready to help you in your defence : endeavour then, only to appear faithful, and I'll constrain myself to believe you.

C E L I M E N E.

Go!—Your jealousy makes a fool of you ; and
you

you don't deserve the regard I have for you. What could oblige me, I desire to know, to descend to the meanness of playing the hypocrite for your sake? Such jealousies deserve my resentment; and you are not worthy of my concern. I am a fool, and do myself wrong to have any esteem for you; I ought to fix it elsewhere, and give you real cause to complain.

A L C E S T È S.

Ah ! deceitful woman ! how well you know my weakness. 'Tis strange, I must confess ; and I am most certainly imposed on by these tender expressions—But 'tis no matter—I must submit to my destiny—My soul is devoted to you. I am resolved to make the utmost proof of your heart, and see whether it can be lost to all sense of honour and gratitude as to betray me.

C E L I M È N E.

No—you do not love me—as you ought to love me.

A L C E S E E S.

Not love you !—what passion was ever equal to mine ? it is so strong, that, in the height of its transports, it could shew itself even by forming wishes against you ! Yes, I should be happy that nobody else thought you lovely ; that you were reduced to some wretched condition ; that heaven had bestowed neither birth, dignity, nor wealth on you ; that so the generous sacrifice of my heart might repair the injustice of your fate ; and I might now have the pleasure and glory to see you owe every thing to the gift of my love.

C E L I M È N E.

This is expressing a very odd kind of regard for me, I must confess. Pray heaven preserve me from affording you any occasion !

S C E N E

S C E N E VI.

Enter DUBOIS.

ALCESTES.

What means this equipage and frightened air?
What ails thee?

DUBOIS.

Oh, sir!—

ALCESTES.

Well?

DUBOIS.

Here's a strange affair!

ALCESTES.

What is it?

DUBOIS.

We're all in the wrong box, sir.

ALCESTES.

What does the fellow mean?

DUBOIS.

Shall I speak out?

ALCESTES.

Yes; and instantly!

DUBOIS.

But shall we not be overheard?

ALCESTES.

'Sdeath! no trifling. Speak out!

DUBOIS.

We must decamp, sir.

ALCESTES.

What?

DUBOIS.

We must steal off quietly.

ALCESTES.

ALCESTES.

For what reason?

DUBOIS.

I tell you we must change our quarters.

ALCESTES.

The reason?

DUBOIS.

We must away, fir, without staying to take leave.

ALCESTES.

What the devil is the meaning of all this?

DUBOIS.

It means neither more nor less, than that we must pack up our awls.

ALCESTES.

Heark'e, rascal! I shall most assuredly break your bones, if you do not talk a little more intelligibly.

DUBOIS.

Why then, fir, you must know, there was a black man, with black cloaths, and a dev'lish grim countenance, came staring in as far as the kitchen, to leave a paper he brought, all so bescrawl'd, that he must be a greater conjurer than the devil who can read a word. It is about your law-suit, I dare say; but Beelzebub himself would be puzzled to decypher it.

ALCESTES.

Ha!—How's this?—But what has this paper to do with our marching off?

DUBOIS.

I'll tell you, fir; an hour after him, comes a man that I have often seen with you, and enquired for you with great earnestness; and, finding you were not at home, charged me in my ear, knowing
my

my fidelity to you, sir, to tell you, that—his name was——

A L C E S T E S.

No matter for his name, puppy! what did he say to you?

D U B O I S.

It is mr. what-d'ye-call-him—Lord blefs me! one of your intimate friends.—Well, and fo he told me that you was in the utmost danger, unless you went out of the way; for that officers were after you to feize you.

A L C E S T E S.

Did he tell you no particulars?

D U B O I S.

No, fir; he asked for pen ink and paper, and has left a note for you, by which, I suppose, you will come to the bottom of all this myftery.

A L C E S T E S.

Give it me; quick!

C E L I M E N E.

What can be the meaning of this?

A L C E S T E S.

I don't know—but I long to be fatisfy'd.—Make hafte, you trifling fcountrel, or I'll——

D U B O I S. [*Searching his pockets.*]

Od's heart! I have left it on your table.

A L C E S T E S.

What hinders me from——

C E L I M E N E.

Do not put yourself in a paffion; but endeavour to unravel this as foon as poffible.

A L C E S T E S.

A L C E S T E S.

It seems as if fortune had sworn, in spite of all my endeavours, to prevent me having any conversation with you. But, assist me, madam, to triumph over her malice, by giving me permission to see you again in the evening.

[*Exeunt, Celimene at one door, Alcestes and Dubois at the other,*

END of the FOURTH ACT.

ACT

A C T V. S C E N E I.

[Enter ALCESTES, PHILINTES *following him*.

A L C E S T E S.

I Tell you it is my fixed resolution.

P H I L I N T E S.

But how severe soever this blow may be, ought it to force you to——

A L C E S T E S.

Your remonstrances are all thrown away, I tell you ; if you was to reason till doomsday, it would never make me alter what I have said. No, 'tis too perverse an age for an honest man to live in ; and I will bid farewell for ever to the detestable commerce of mankind. What!—when honour, reputation, probity, the laws, every thing was against my adversary ; when the justice of my cause is apparent to all the world ; when my soul placed her confidence in the assurance of my right ; —to find myself betray'd ! 'Tho' I have justice on my side, to lose my suit ! while a villain, whose infamy is as notorious as the light of day, shall go off triumphant in his wickedness, baffle fair truth, and openly justify his cutting my throat ! His hypocritical air, through which the knave stands forth confest, has force enough to subvert property, and turn the scale of justice. He procures his villainy to be crown'd by a decree ; and not contented with the wrong he has done me, the ruffian has the impudence to father upon me a most detestable book, which 'tis unpardonable even to read ; a piece of
stuff

stuff not to be named but with the utmost indignation. Orontes too joins in the combination, whispers the lye about, and basely endeavours to support the abuse. Orontes, who passes for a man of honour, and to whom the only injury I have ever done, is to have treated him with tenderness and sincerity, when he thrust himself upon me with the most irresistible importunity, and would force from me my opinion of his verses; and because I dealt honestly, and scorned to betray either him or the truth, assents to load me with an invented crime. He is become the most implacable enemy I have, and will never forgive my dislike to his song. And such is the complexion of mankind, these are the actions to which their ridiculous notions of fame excite them. Here, see the truth and fidelity, the virtuous zeal, the justice and honour that is found among the human race. Oh! this is past all bearing! and I am therefore determined to leave this wilderness, this scene of rapine and murder; and since I see men live together like wolves and tygers—Traitors, I bid you farewell!—you shall have my company no longer.

P H I L I N T E S.

With submission, I must say, that I think your resolution is a little too hasty; nor is the evil so great as you make it; your adversary's allegation, you see, has not had credit enough to bring you under an arrest. His false report destroys itself, and he may have cause to repent dearly of this act.

A L C E S T E S.

He! the infamy of such practices never awes him; he's licensed to be a villain; and so far will this affair be from hurting his reputation, that you'll see him more triumphant than ever.

P H I L I N T E S.

But you still have it in your power to appeal from
D the

the unjust decree which has been awarded against you, and be relieved by——

A L C E S T E S.

No, I'll stop here ; whatever loss I may sustain by this iniquitous sentence, I will not even suffer myself to wish it to be reversed. It is too apparent how right is injured ; and I would have it remain as a notorious example to all posterity, of the villainy of the present age. It will cost me indeed some hundreds—but no matter—for this money I shall have a right to curse the abandoned wickedness of human nature, and nourish in my breast immortal hatred against the whole race,

P H I L I N T E S.

But after all——

A L C E S T E S.

But after all, your pains are thrown away—what have you left to say ? You will not, you cannot, certainly, have the assurance to excuse this villainy to my face ?

P H I L I N T E S.

No—I will not attempt it—I grant you all you desire—Every thing now-a-days is ruled by faction and sordid interest. Treachery and dissimulation predominate amongst us ; and men ought to be different from what they are. But is their want of justice and probity a reason why we should abandon society ? No certainly—these faults in life furnish us with opportunities of exercising our philosophy, and this is its most noble employment. If justice reigned universally ; if all hearts were open and honest, just and tractable, for heaven's sake what use should we have for the greatest part of our virtues ? But when we add the practice to the power, and can with temper bear another's violation of our just rights, and with an heart truly virtuous——

A L C E S T E S.

A L C E S T E S.

My good preaching sir, I know you are a most compleat orator, and abound in a world of fine reasonings; but all your rhetoric is lost upon me. Reason directs, that, to be happy, I should retire from a villainous world; I have not command enough of my tongue; I do not know what I might be provoked to say; and I might, perhaps, bring a thousand quarrels upon my hands. Therefore, without more altercation, leave me to wait here for Celimene. I must obtain her consent to my design; and I shall soon see if she really loves me; and this is the critical instant which will bring the truth to light.

P H I L I N T E S.

Let us go to Eliante's apartment and wait for her coming.

A L C E S T E S.

No, I am too much discomposed. Go you, and leave me to indulge my melancholy in this private corner.

P H I L I N T E S.

It is leaving you in very bad company; I'll go and persuade Eliante to come down to you.

[*Exit Philintes, Alcestes retires to a corner of the stage.*]

S C E N E II.

Enter CELIMENE *and* ORONTES.

O R O N T E S.

Yes, madam, it now remains with you, whether by such tender engagements you'll make me entirely your's; I must therefore insist upon a positive and full declaration; no lover can bear to be held in suspense. In a word, if the ardour of my

flame has made an impression on your heart, you ought not to dissemble it; and for a proof, I only desire you will no longer permit Alcestes's pretensions, but sacrifice him, madam, to my nobler passion, and banish him your sight from this day.

C E L I M E N E.

But what mighty quarrel have you against him? You whom I have heard speak so much in his praise?

O R O N T E S.

There is no occasion for any explanation of this kind, madam; all the business is to know your sentiments. Be pleased then to determine which of us you will retain; my resolution depends entirely upon your's.

A L C E S T E S. [*Coming forward.*]

The gentleman is perfectly in the right, madam; it is just you should make a choice, and his demand agrees with my wishes. I am full of the same pressing concern, and my passion insists upon having some undoubted mark of your's. Affairs of this nature will not admit of equivocation or delay; therefore now is the time to declare your sentiments.

O R O N T E S.

Oh dear sir! I would by no means suffer the importunity of my passion to disturb your good fortune.

A L C E S T E S.

Nor will I, sir, jealous or not jealous, accept of a share with you in this lady's affections.

O R O N T E S.

If she prefers your addressee to mine——

A L C E S T E S.

A L C E S T E S.

If she is capable of the least thought in your favour——

O R O N T E S.

I vow I'll quit all pretensions to her.

A L C E S T E S.

And I swear never to see her face again.

O R O N T E S.

Now, madam, it is your turn to explain yourself without disguise.

A L C E S T E S.

You have nothing to apprehend from your sincerity.

O R O N T E S.

The least hint of your true inclinations——

A L C E S T E S.

You have only to decide at once which of us two you will take.

O R O N T E S.

Can you possibly be perplexed about such a choice?

A L C E S T E S.

Is it possible you can hesitate?

C E L I M E N E.

My God! how unseasonably importunate you are! Really, gentlemen, you both suffer your passions to get the better of your reason and good breeding. To be sure I am determined to whom I will give the preference; and my heart does not hesitate an instant in the object of its choice; nothing is more easy than to follow the dictates of one's inclination. But I am at present under a sort of restraint that will not permit me to make such a declaration in the presence of both. No—I can never bring myself to say any thing to a person that I think will

give him uneasiness; and my behaviour has certainly given sufficient proofs which of you two stands fairest in my esteem, without being compelled to say disobliging things to the other; and a reasonable lover will be contented with more gentle proofs of his mistress's passion.

O R O N T E S.

No, no, madam, I have nothing to apprehend from a declaration. For my part, it is what I not only consent to, but desire.

A L C E S T E S.

And so do I; and the more explicit it is, the more agreeable. I know you are fond of shewing a fair countenance to all the world; but this is no longer a time for evasion or dissimulation; you must explain yourself, you must indeed, madam, and clearly too; for your silence will be the same to me as if you gave me my dismissal in the worst terms I can imagine.

O R O N T E S.

Sir, I am extremely glad to see you so warm on this occasion, it is quite just; and I here subscribe to every syllable you have said.

C E L I M E N E.

Deliver me!—how teasing you both are!—this is such an unaccountable whim!—and your demands are so unreasonable—Why—Lord bless me! have I not told you what keeps me from——But here comes Eliante, I'll be judged by her if I am not in the right.

S C E N E III.

Enter ELIANTE and PHILINTES.

C E L I M E N E.

My dear cousin! I am so glad you are come!—
Would

Would you believe it my dear? here I am persecuted to death by these two gentlemen, whose humours seem to have conspired to perplex me. Nothing will satisfy them, forsooth, but I must declare which of them I give the preference to; and by a sentence pronounced to his face, forbid the other any future addresses. Now for heaven's sake, my dear, tell me if there was ever such a thing done in the world?

E L I A N T E.

I beseech you do not appeal to me, lest you should consult the wrong person; for to say the truth, I am always for having people speak their sentiments plainly.

O R O N T E S.

'Tis to no purpose, madam, to decline it.

A L C E S T E S.

You see your evasions will not be seconded.

O R O N T E S.

Come, you must absolutely speak.

A L C E S T E S.

No—you may persist in your silence.

O R O N T E S.

One word will end our controversy.

A L C E S T E S.

And I shall understand you without that word.

S C E N E IV.

Enter ACASTES, CLITANDER, *and* ARSINOE.

A C A S T E S. [*To Celimene.*]

Madam, this gentleman and I are come, with
D 4 your

your permission, to clear up a small affair with you.

CLITANDER. [*To Orontes and Arsinoë.*]

You are luckily met, gentlemen; this matter concerns you likewise.

A R S I N O E.

Madam, you may possibly be surprized to see me here; but these gentlemen are the cause of my coming. They have both been making their complaints to me of an affair which, I must own, I can hardly credit; and I have too high an opinion of you to imagine you capable of so criminal a procedure. I could not even be satisfy'd by the ocular proofs they shewed me; and therefore, laying aside all petty differences between us, I was willing to accompany them hither, madam, that I might have the satisfaction of being a witness to the manner in which you will clear yourself of this calumny.

A C A S T E S.

Yes, madam, pray let us see with what composure of mind you will hear the little entertainment we have to give you—This letter, I think, you wrote to Clitander.

CLITANDER.

And this tender epistle, madam, Acastes had the honour of receiving from your ladyship.

A C A S T E S.

You'll find nothing here, gentlemen, but what I dare say you will perfectly well understand; here is no obscurity in the expression; every thing is clear and explicit; and I make not the least doubt but the lady's frequent civilities of this kind have long since made you perfectly well acquainted with her hand. But this I assure you is particularly worth the hearing.

[*Reads.*
To

To Clitander.

“ You are a strange man, Clitander, to condemn
“ my mirth, and reproach me, that I am never
“ so happy as when I am not in your company,
“ nothing can be more unjust ; and if you do not
“ come speedily and ask my pardon for your of-
“ fence, I will never forgive you while I have
“ breath. Our loobily Flemish viscount’——’Tis
a pity he is not here ! “ Our loobily Flemish vis-
“ count, with whom you begin your complaints,
“ is a man whose company I cannot bear ; and
“ ever since I saw him stand for half an hour
“ together, ingeniously spitting into the basin of
“ a fountain to make circles in the water, I have not
“ been able to entertain a tolerable thought of him.
“ As for the little marquis.”—This, ladies and gen-
tlemen, without vanity be it spoken, is your humble
servant.—“ As for the little marquis who held me
“ so long by the hand yesterday, I think there
“ never was any thing so frippery as his whole
“ person ; and his only merit consists in a hat and
“ feather. And then for the man in green rib-
“ bands.” [To Alceste.] Now, sir, comes your turn.
“ And then for the man in green ribbands ! he
“ serves to amuse me sometimes with his bluntness,
“ and humourous chagrin ; but on a thousand
“ occasions I think him the most troublesome of
“ all living creatures ; and for the sonneteer,” [To
Orontes.] This I believe relates to you, sir. “ And
“ for the sonneteer who affects to be thought a
“ wit, and will be an author in spite of nature
“ and his friends, I have hardly patience to listen
“ to what he says ; and his prose is as nauseous to me
“ as his verse. Believe, therefore, that I am not
“ always so well pleased as you seem to imagine ; that
“ I find more to say to you than perhaps is prudent

“ in all the various parties in which I am engaged ;
 “ and that the presence of those we love adds a
 “ double relish to all our pleasures.”

CLITANDER.

Now for me, gentlemen.

[*Reads.*

To Acastes.

“ Your Clitander, whom you speak to me of,
 “ and who affects so much the gentle swain, is
 “ the last man in the world I could have a regard
 “ for; and he must certainly be out of his senses
 “ to persuade himself that I love him, as you are,
 “ to suppose yourself not beloved. Therefore to
 “ regain reason, change sentiments with him, and
 “ see me as often as you can, to enable me, by
 “ your presence, to support the persecution I suffer
 “ from him.”

This, I think, is a model of a very fine character; and I need not tell your ladyship what name properly belongs to it: we shall only do you the justice, madam, to take every opportunity of exposing this noble picture of your heart to public view.

A C A S T E S.

Here is ample subject for me to expatiate on, madam; but the devil fetch me if I think you worth my anger; and I shall let you see that the little marquisses, as you call them, have for their consolation little hearts of a much higher price.

[*Exeunt Acastes and Clitander.*

S C E N E V.

O R O N T E S.

And is this the usage, madam, I have met with, after all you have said and written to me? Has your heart beneath the deceitful mask of pretended tenderness, made a practice of promising itself by
 turns.

turns to all mankind? Go, base woman! I have been too much your dupe, but I will be so no longer; you have, however, done me one favour, by thus displaying yourself in your true colours, and have restored me thereby an heart which finds its revenge fully satisfy'd in taking it from you for ever. [*To Alcestes.*] And now, sir, I have no longer any objection to your pretensions; and you may conclude matters with this lady as soon as you please.

[*Exit Orontes.*]

S C E N E VI.

A R S I N O E.

Well! this is indisputably one of the blackest actions in the world.—I am shocked at it, and cannot forbear speaking. Was ever proceeding like yours, madam? I do not concern myself so much about the treatment the others have received.—But for this gentleman, [*Pointing to Alcestes,*] who might have fixed your happiness; a person of his honour and merit, and one who adored you to idolatry——was he a man to be——

A L C E S T E S.

Pray, good madam, leave me to manage my own affairs, and do not take upon you this needless trouble. Your interesting yourself so warmly in my quarrel, will not have the desired effect; my heart is not in a capacity to make a return to your superabundant zeal. And even if I had an inclination to revenge myself by another choice, you would not be the person on whom it would fall.

A R S I N O E.

Oh dear, sir! does your self-sufficient worship imagine I entertain such a thought? or that any one here is in such a desperate taking about you? No, indeed; your vanity furiously deceives you, if it
prompts

prompts you to any such belief. This lady's leavings have nothing so mighty tempting in them, I assure you ; therefore, let me entreat your important mightiness to undeceive yourself, and learn to be somewhat less haughty. A woman of my rank is not formed for such low connections. You'll do well, sir, to persist in your addresses to your faithful Dulcinea here, and I shall be infinitely delighted to hear of so curious a match, I shall indeed.

[Exit Arfinoe.]

S C E N E VII.

A L C E S T E S. [To Celimene.]

Well—thus far I have been silent in spite of all I've seen and heard, and have given every one leave to speak before me. Is this sufficient, madam?—Have I governed myself long enough ? and may I——

C E L I M E N E.

Yes, you may, sir ; you may say every thing you please ; you have just cause to complain, and to load me with reproaches. I have been to blame, I confess it ; and have too lively a sense of my error to attempt to palliate it by frivolous excuses. Tho' I can despise the resentment of the others, to you I plead guilty. Your resentment is reasonable ; and I am sensible how criminal I must appear in your eyes. I know that every thing speaks me false and ungrateful ; and that you have the greatest reason to hate me—Hate me then—I consent to it—if it is your wish.

A L C E S T E S.

And can I then, think you, oh thou most artful of thy sex ! can I thus triumph over my excessive fondness ? Or, notwithstanding every consideration bids me hate you, can I find a heart disposed to
obey

obey me? [*To Eliante and Philintes.*] You see in me the effects of an unworthy, yet irresistible passion, I make you both witnesses to my weakness. But, to confess the truth, this is not all; you shall see this infatuation carry'd to its utmost length; and I am about to convince you with how little reason we are called wise; and that in the noblest hearts there is still too much of man. [*To Celimene.*] Yes, perfidious woman! I am willing to forget your crimes, and cover them under the name of a frailty into which your unthinking youth has been drawn by the vices of the times—provided you will heartily consent to join with me in a design I have formed to abandon all mankind, and this instant resolve to accompany me to that solitude in which I have sworn to pass the remainder of my life. This is the only way by which you can efface the guilt of your late proceedings; and by which, after a discovery which ought to raise abhorrence in a noble heart, I can justify myself in persevering to love you.

CE LIM E N E.

My stars!—What, renounce the world in the bloom of my youth, and bury myself alone in a desert? Oh! save me from the thought!

A L C E S T E S.

If your affection is equal to mine, what is the rest of the world to you? Have you not in me all you can wish?

CE LIM E N E.

But then, solitude at twenty has something so horrible in it—that—I am afraid I have not a soul sufficiently heroic to form such a resolution. If giving you my hand will content you, sir—why—I may possibly bring myself to that—Marriage—

A L C E S T E S.

No!--No I detest you--and this refusal has contributed more to my cure than all the rest-- Since your heart is not so united to mine--as to find all in me as I could do in you--Go!--go! I reject you as becomes me; and this stabbing affront has for ever freed me from your tyranny.

[Exit Celimene.]

S C E N E the Last.

A L C E S T E S. [To Eliante.]

Your beauty, madam, is adorned with a thousand noble virtues; and in you alone, of all your sex, I have found sincerity. I have long entertained a just esteem for you!--but let me still retain that esteem, without daring to offer you a heart distracted with such various troubles. I am sensible I am unworthy the honour of being permitted to wear your chains, and begin to find that heaven has not formed me to be blest in so happy an union; and that the homage of a man, like me, would be only an affront to your merit. That an heart, the outcast of another, ought not to pretend--

E L I A N T E.

You may think on that head as you shall judge proper, sir; I am under no difficulty about disposing of my hand. Here is your friend, who I dare say, without giving myself any further trouble, would gladly accept it.

P H I L I N T E S.

Ah! madam! that honour is the sum of all my ambition; and I should think my life too poor a sacrifice to merit so glorious a distinction.

ALCESTES.

ALCESTES.

Since it is so, may you both live to taste the truest felicity, and ever retain the same esteem for each other; whilst I, betray'd on every side, and loaded with injuries, retire from a scene where vice lords it uncontrouled, and seek some remote corner of the earth. where I may enjoy the liberty of being honest. [*Exit Alcestes.*]

PHILINTES.

Come, madam, let us follow, and endeavour to divert him, if possible, from his too rash design. [*Exeunt.*]

END of the MAN-HATER.

THE

THE
FAGGOT-BINDER;

OR, THE
MOCK-DOCTOR.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

| | |
|----------------|-----------------------|
| GERONTO, | father to Lucinda. |
| LEANDER, | in love with Lucinda. |
| SGANARELLE, | husband to Martina. |
| Master ROBERT, | his neighbour. |
| VALERE, | servant to Geronto. |
| LUCAS, | husband to Jacquelin. |
| HODGE, | a countryman. |
| PETER, | his son. |

LUCINDA:

MARTINA.

| | |
|-------------|--|
| JACQUELINE, | { a nurse in Geronto's house, and wife to Lucas. |
|-------------|--|

SCENE *lies in the country.*

T H B

FAGGOT-BINDER.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter SGANARELLE, MARTINA
following him.

SGANARELLE.

NO! I tell you, once more, I will not consent to it. I am master, and will be heard.

MARTINA.

And I tell you, you shall live as I please! I did not marry you to bear with your humours.

SGANARELLE.

What a plague is a wife! How rightly did Aristotle say, that a woman's worse than the devil?

MARTINA.

Only mind the learned gentleman with his boobily Aristotle!

SGANARELLE.

S G A N A R E L L E.

Yes, huffey !. Shew me a faggot-binder that can argue upon things like me ! one who has served a famous phyfician for fix years ; and who, when he was only a boy, had his accidence at his finger's ends.

M A R T I N A.

Out, you fool !

S G A N A R E L L E.

Away, drab !

M A R T I N A.

Curst be the day and hour when I was fuch a fool to fay YES.

S G A N A R E L L E.

Curst be the whorefon. of a parfon that made us one.

M A R T I N A.

Truly you have great reason to complain ! Sirrah ! firrah ! you ought to down upon your knees, and thank heaven that made me your wife ! It was more than you deferv'd, it was fo.

S G A N A R E L L E.

Oh ! doubtless, you did me an infinite deal of honour ! and I found great caufe of thankfulness on the wedding-night.—'Sdeath ! hold your tongue, or I fhall fay fomething, that——

M A R T I N A.

Out with it, pray ; what have you to fay ?

S G A N A R E L L E.

Enough. But, no matter, I know what I know ; fo, there's an end of it. You may think yourself happy in lighting on me, that's all.

M A R T I N A.

What does the fellow mean ? A great happinefs, indeed, to be ty'd to a drunken, worthlefs rascal.
that

that reduces me to beggary ! A rogue, that eats up all I have.

SGANARELLE.

That's a lye, wife of mine ; for I drink some of it.

MARTINA.

Who fells my furniture by piece-meal.

SGANARELLE.

That's living upon the stock.

MARTINA.

And has not left me so much as a bed to lie on.

SGANARELLE.

You will rise earlier in a morning.

MARTINA.

Who has stripped my house to the bare walls.

SGANARELLE.

We shall have less trouble in moving.

MARTINA.

And who is guzzling and gaming from morning till night.

SGANARELLE.

That is for fear of growing melancholy.

MARTINA.

And what do you think I am to do with my family, you beast you ?

SGANARELLE.

Nay, just what you please.

MARTINA.

With four little children upon my hands !

SGANARELLE.

Oh ! you may lay them down upon the ground when you are tired of carrying them.

MARTINA.

94 The FAGGOT-BINDER; Or,

MARTINA.

Who are continually crying for bread !

SGANARELLE.

Give 'em a rod ; give 'em a rod. When my belly is full, I will have all the family satisfy'd.

MARTINA.

And do you really intend, sot as you are, to go on in this manner ?

SGANARELLE.

Soft and fair, sweet spouse.

MARTINA.

Shall I never bring you to your duty ?

SGANARELLE.

My sweet rib ; you know I am not over patient ; and my hand is somewhat of the heaviest.

MARTINA.

I don't care a pin for your threats.

SGANARELLE.

My jewel ! my charming half ! that hide of your's itches strangely for a beating.

MARTINA.

I don't value you this ! [*Snaps her fingers.*]

SGANARELLE.

My dear counterpart, you are laying out for a thrashing.

MARTINA.

Do you think your blustering frightens me ?

SGANARELLE.

Sweet object of my desires, I shall box your ears.

MARTINA.

Out, you drunken beast !

SGANARELLE.

I shall swinge you.

MARTINA.

M A R T I N A.

Beer-barrel!

S G A N A R E L L E.

Bastings will ensue.

M A R T I N A.

Infamous monster!

S G A N A R E L L E.

I shall curry you.

M A R T I N A.

You villainous! cheating! cowardly! knavish!
beggary! thieving! drunken!——

S G A N A R E L L E.

Nay, then, I must.

[*Beats her.*]

M A R T I N A.

Murder! Help! Murder!

S G A N A R E L L E.

This is the only quieting dose for a scold.

S C E N E II.

Enter Master R O B E R T.

Master R O B E R T.

Hold! hold! for shame; is the devil in the
man, to beat his wife in this manner?

M A R T I N A. [*Setting her arms a-kimbo.*]

And, suppose I have a mind he should beat me;
what is that to any one?

Master R O B E R T.

Nay, nay, if that is the case, let him beat you,
in God's name.

M A R T I N A.

What business is it of your's?

Master

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Master ROBERT.

Why, as you say, 'tis none of mine, most certainly.

MARTINA.

Then, what have you to do to interfere with a man's beating his own wife?

Master ROBERT.

I am very sorry I intermeddled, I assure you.

MARTINA.

Have you any thing to do with what passes between us?

Master ROBERT.

Nothing in the world.

MARTINA.

Must you thrust your nose into every one's tail?

Master ROBERT.

Indeed, not I.

MARTINA.

You had better mind your own business.

Master ROBERT.

I had so.

MARTINA.

May be I like to be thrash'd.

Master ROBERT.

It may be so.

MARTINA.

And, I suppose, you don't feel the smart?

Master ROBERT.

Not I, i'faith!

MARTINA.

Then you are an impertinent fellow for meddling with other people's affairs. [Martina, coming up to Master Robert, in a threatening posture, drives him towards

towards Sganarelle, who gives him a box on the ear, and pushes him towards his wife again.]

Master R O B E R T.

Neighbour, I beg your pardon, with all my soul. Pray, beat your wife as much as she deserves: I'll help you, if you have a mind to it.

S G A N A R E L L E.

Suppose I have not a mind to it?

Master R O B E R T.

Nay, then it is another thing.

S G A N A R E L L E.

If I please, I'll beat her; and, if I do not please, I'll not beat her; and what then?

Master R O B E R T.

Nay, then, you are to do as you please.

S G A N A R E L L E.

She's my wife, as I take it; and not your's.

Master R O B E R T.

Very true.

S G A N A R E L L E.

Have you any right to command me?

Master R O B E R T.

Far from it.

S G A N A R E L L E.

Or, do you think I stand in need of your help?

Master R O B E R T.

Well! well!

S G A N A R E L L E.

I tell you what; you are no better than you should be, d'ye see, to wriggle yourself into other people's concerns: and your busy-bodies seldom get any thing for their pains.

[Beats Master Robert off the stage.]

E

S C E N E

S C E N E III.

SGANARELLE. [*Going up to his wife, and taking her by the hand.*]

Come, wife, give us your hand; let's be friends.

MARTINA.

What; after beating me in this manner?

SGANERELLE.

Psha! that's a trifle. Touch!

MARTINA.

Not I.

SGANERELLE.

Ha?

MARTINA.

No.

SGANERELLE.

Dear wife!

MARTINA,

No.

SGANERELLE.

Come, I say.

MARTINA.

I won't.

SGANERELLE.

Come, come; pr'ythee let's buss and make it up.

MARTINA.

No! I tell you, I'm resolved to be angry.

SGANARELLE.

What, for a trifle? nay! come, come!

MARTINA.

Hands off!

SGANARELLE.

Touch, I say.

MARTINA.

Not I, indeed! after such usage!

SGANERELLE.

S G A N A R E L L E.

Well, I'll beg your pardon. Come, give me your hand.

M A R T I N A.

Well, I pardon you—but 'tis only till I can find an opportunity of being revenged. [*Aside.*]

S G A N A R E L L E.

Lord! what a fool you are, to mind these trifles! These are little necessary jobs between friends now and then. A few blows, among lovers, always renew affection.—Well, good b'ye, Mart. I'll to the wood. And, heark'e, wench, I'll bring you home an hundred of faggots, at least, before night. [*Exit Sganarelle.*]

S C E N E IV.

M A R T I N A. [*Alone.*]

Go, you beast! I shall not forget this beating soon, however I may pretend to overlook it. And, hang me, if I will not be revenged for all the blows you have given me.—To be sure, as a woman, I can never fail of one way of being up with my husband; but, hang him, a dolt, that revenge would be lost upon him; so, I'll e'en seek for one that shall come more home, and be more sensibly felt: for, as to the other method, it would only be throwing one's revenge away.—The stupid animal would never perceive it.

S C E N E V.

Enter V A L E R E *and* L U C A S.

L U C A S.

By'r Lady, we're come on a sleeveless errand, as the saying is: we shall come but scurvily off, 'tis my mind, at last.

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V A L E R E.

Why, what's the matter, Lucas? We are servants, and must obey our master, you know; besides, we are both concerned in the health of his daughter, our young mistress; for, to be sure, her marriage, which is put off on account of her illness, would be something in our way. Master Horatio, who is a very generous gentleman, lays close siege to her; but, then, we all know, she has a greater liking to young master Leander; but her father can never be brought to give his consent.

M A R T I N A. [*To herself, not perceiving Lucas and Valere.*]

Can I find no way to be revenged?

L U C A S.

But, what a murrain could put it in his pate to send us about here, when all the doctors we have had already, are puzzled beyond their skill?

V A L E R E.

Why, Lucas, you know, one may find that, after a search, which could not be hit upon at first; and, frequently, in places we would never dream of——

M A R T I N A.

Yes, I must, and shall be revenged, come what will. These blows stick in my stomach! I cannot digest them; and [*Not seeing Lucas and Valere, she runs against them.*] Lord bless me, gentlemen! I beg your pardon! I did not see you, upon my word! I was so disturbed in my mind——

V A L E R E.

Every one has his cares in this world.—We are searching for something we cannot find.

M A R T I N A.

Is it any thing I can help you to?

V A L E R E.

V A L E R E.

That is as it may happen. You must know, then, that we are sent in search, my brother and I here, for an able man, one who practises physic in private; in order to give some relief to our master's daughter, who has a disorder that has taken away the use of her speech. Now, several physicians have already try'd their skill upon her, in vain. But, as there are people, you know, who are possessed of wonderful secrets, and famous nostrums, which often effect what the doctor's art gives up as incurable; if we could but light upon such an one——

M A R T I N A. [*Aside.*]

I'faith this is an admirable opportunity for me to be revenged upon my cuckoldly knave, for his late usage of me——Bless me, gentlemen! how lucky this is! You could not have enquired of any one in the world that could have better directed you to what you are in search of. We have here, in this very place, the most wonderful man living, for curing all incurable disorders.

V A L E R E.

Indeed! Pray, can we see him?

M A R T I N A.

You will find him thereabouts; [*Pointing out.*] he is amusing himself with cutting wood.

L U C A S.

A physician cut wood?

V A L E R E.

I suppose, you mean cutting simples.

M A R T I N A.

Lord bless you! no. I tell you, cutting wood! faggots! Why, he is the most unaccountable man, in his way, that you ever heard of. He is

full of humours and fancies. And then, he dresses in the most extravagant manner! Sometimes he affects to be ignorant, and hide his learning; and it is his particular passion not to be taken for a physician; or exert those wonderful talents that heaven has given him.

V A L E R E.

Well, it is very strange that all men have some caprice or another; some small dash of folly, with all their learning.

M A R T I N A.

But this man's folly exceeds every thing that can be imagined: for it sometimes goes to such a length, that he must be heartily beaten before he will own his capacity. And I must tell you, beforehand, that you'll never make him confess that he's a physician, that is to say, if he happens to be in one of his humours, till each of you take a stick, and drub him soundly. This is the way we are obliged to serve him, when we have occasion to consult him.

V A L E R E.

This is the strangest humour I ever heard.

M A R T I N A.

But not more strange than true, I can assure you. After you have thrashed his knowledge into him, you'll find he works miracles.

V A L E R E.

What is the name of this oddity, pray?

M A R T I N A.

His name is Sganarelle; he is easily known; he is a short man with a black beard; wears a ruff, and a coat of yellow and green.

LUCAS.

L U C A S.

Yellow and green ! By'r Lady he is more like a merry-andrew than a physician.

V A L E R E.

But are you sure he is so skilful as you say ?

M A R T I N A.

Why, I tell you, he works miracles ! Six months ago, a certain woman was given over by all the physicians ; and was dead, to all appearance, for above six hours. She was laid out ; and they were just purposing to put her into her coffin, when one of the neighbours took it into his head to give him a beating, and bring him to see the poor woman. As soon as he looked upon her, he took a little bottle out of his pocket, dropt a few drops of a liquor that was in it into her mouth ; and, before you could count ten, she jumped up upon her legs, and walked about the room as if nothing had ailed her.

L U C A S.

Oh Lord !

V A L E R E.

It must be a drop of liquid gold, I suppose.

M A R T I N A.

Nay, heaven knows ! It is not above three weeks ago, that a boy, of twelve years old, fell from our steeple, quite down upon the pavement, and fractured his skull, broke both his arms and one of his legs, and was taken up for dead. This man was immediately apply'd to, in the proper manner ; and, as soon as he came, he rubbed the boy all over, from head to foot, with a certain ointment of his own making, and the boy presently got up, and run into the church-yard, and fell to playing at chuck-farthing with his school-fellows.

L U C A S.

Wonderful !

V A L E R E.

This man must be an universal physician.

M A R T I N A.

To be sure he is. Nothing comes amiss to him. He would as soon undertake to cure a man that was dead, as if he was alive !

L U C A S.

Odsbobs ! why, this is the very man we want.

V A L E R E.

We are much obliged to you for your kind information.

M A R T I N A.

You are heartily welcome. But, be sure you remember the advice I have given you, and do not spare a beating.

L U C A S.

Nay, nay, let us alone : if he loves to have his jacket dressed, we'll do it for him to his heart's content. *[Exit Martina.]*

V A L E R E.

We were very lucky in meeting with this woman.

S C E N E VI.

A W O O D. *[Sganarelle cutting faggots and singing : a bottle standing on the ground by his side.]*

S G A N A R E L L E.

Tol, lol, lol, derol. Hem ! hem ! lol, lol, derol ! This wood is plaguy tough !—Come, let's take t'other sup, and rest a little. *[Takes the bottle and drinks.]* This wood is dev'lish salt, it always makes me dry.

Sings.

Sings.

I wish his soul in heav'n may dwell,
Who first invented the leathern bottel.
How sweet is the sound of thy cluck, cluck, cluck !
When thou'rt full, even monarchs might envy my
luck !

But, when empty, my heart is all heavy and dull ;
Oh ! would thou might'ft always be full, full, full !

'Tis the devil to let melancholy grow upon one.

V A L E R E.

This is he.

L U C A S.

Od'sniggers, and so it is ! He answers the description to a hair.

V A L E R E.

Let's view him nearer.

S G A N A R E L L E. [*Perceiving them, looks first at one, and then at the other ; hugging his Bottle close to his breast.*]

Ah ! my dear, sweet, honey rogue, let me hug thee.

Sings.

When thou'rt full, even monarchs might envy my
luck !

But, when——

What the devil do these two fellows want ?

V A L E R E.

It is the very man.

L U C A S.

As right as my nail.

S G A N A R E L L E. [*Aside.*]

How they eye me ! Ha ! now they're whispering ! They have some bad design in their heads.
[*He sets his bottle down close by his side ; and Valere*

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bowing to him, he thinks he is stooping for his bottle, and shifts it to the other side; when, Lucas doing the same, he takes it up again; and thus continues changing it as they bow, which makes a very diverting Jeu de theatre.]

V A L E R E.

Sir, is not your name Sganarelle?

S G A N A R E L L E.

Ha?

V A L E R E.

I ask you, if your name is not Sganarelle?

S G A N A R E L L E. [*Turning first to the one, and then to the other.*]

Yes, sir; no, sir; ay, sir; what, sir?

V A L E R E. [*To Lucas.*]

Let us be very civil — Sir, we are extremely happy to have met with you. We were recommended to you for your advice and assistance, of which we stand in great need, and humbly beseech you to grant it to us.

S G A N A R E L L E.

If I can be of any service to you, gentlemen, I am ready to do any thing in my way.

V A L E R E.

Sir, we're mightily obliged to you: but, pray, good sir, be covered. The sun may incommode you, sir.

L U C A S.

Pray, sir, put on your hat.

S G A N A R E L L E. [*Aside.*]

These men are violently ceremonious.

V A L E R E.

I dare say, sir, you are not at all surpris'd at our applying to you, though strangers; the skilful,
you

you know, fir, are always fought after. And, as we have been informed of your great capacity—

S G A N A R E L L E.

To be fure, gentlemen, I can challenge any man, within fifty miles, to cut or bind a faggot with me ; and——

V A L E R E.

My dear fir ! as to that——

S G A N A R E L L E.

I spare no pains. I turn them out of my hands, in fuch a manner——

V A L E R E.

Lack-a-day, fir ! that is not the thing we're fpeaking about——

S G A N A R E L L E.

My price, d'ye fee ; I make but one word, is not lefs than nine and fixpence the hundred.

V A L E R E.

Come, come ; let us talk upon a different fubject.

S G A N A R E L L E.

Upon my foul ! I cannot afford them under.

V A L E R E.

Sir, you are pleased to joke ; but we know how things ftand.

S G A N A R E L L E.

Why, if you know how things ftand, you muft know, that it is the very loweft I can fell them for.

V A L E R E.

Nay, fir, this is carrying it too far——

S G A N A R E L L E.

Not in the leaft. I cannot afford them a farthing under.

V A L E R E.

V A L E R E.

Pray, good fir, let us talk in a different manner.

S G A N A R E L L E.

Some people, perhaps, may let you have them for less; but the cheapest is not always the best. There are faggots, and faggots; but the best are the best worth.

V A L E R E.

Lay aside this strain, and——

S G A N A R E L L E.

No; the devil fetch me, if I bate a soufe!

V A L E R E.

Fie! fie!

S G A N A R E L L E.

Upon my conscience! I must have that for them. I am not a man to exact upon you.

V A L E R E.

But, my dear fir! after all, is it for a man of your learning and abilities to disguise his talents in this manner? a man so capable! so famous a physician as you are! to bury himself under the shew of so mean and base an occupation!

S G A N A R E L L E. [*Aside.*]

The man's beside himself, to be sure!

V A L E R E.

Pray, fir, do not dissemble with us any longer.

S G A N A R E L L E.

Ha!

L U C A S.

Look'e, master doctor, all this sham sham won't serve you turn! Ise know what I know.

S G A N A R E L L E.

Why—what?—Who the devil do you take me for?

V A L E R E.

V A L E R E.

For what you are; a very great physician.

S G A N A R E L L E.

Physician! I a physician? I am no physician, nor ever was!

V A L E R E. [*Aside to Lucas.*]

His fit is on him——Sir, let me entreat you not to persist in denying the truth any longer; nor force us to come to extremities.

S G A N A R E L L E.

To extremities! what the devil d'ye mean?

V A L E R E.

Why, to do what we should be very sorry for.

S G A N A R E L L E.

Zounds! you may do what you will. I am no physician, I tell you; and the devil fetch me, if I can imagine what you would be at!

V A L E R E. [*To Lucas.*]

I see we must use the argument.—Once more, sir, I must entreat you to confess yourself to be what you really are.

L U C A S.

Come, come, do not bam us any longer: tell us, without more to do, as how you are a doctor; ay, and a good one too! 'Sblood! where's the shame on't?

S G A N A R E L L E.

Why, what, in the devil's name!—

V A L E R E.

Why should you deny what all the world knows?

L U C A S.

Ay, what good will it do you?

SGANARELLE.

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S G A N A R E L L E.

Look'e, gentlemen; in one word, as well as a thousand, I am no phyfician nor doctor, I—

V A L E R E.

You are no phyfician, you fay?

S G A N A R E L L E.

Not I, by this light!

L U C A S.

Nor a doctor?

S G A N A R E L L E.

No; by my foul!

V A L E R E.

Nay, then, if it muft be fo, take that.

[Beats him.]

L U C A S.

Why, if you mun ha't, you mun ha't!

[Beats him.]

S G A N A R E L L E.

Hold! hold! hold! gentlemen. Zounds! 'death! I—I—I am whatever you will have me to be!

V A L E R E.

My dear fir, why would you oblige us to ufe this violence?

L U C A S.

Ay; why would you give us the trouble of beating you in this manner?

V A L E R E.

I affure you I am heartily forry—

L U C A S.

And fo am I, by'r Lady!

S G A N A R E L L E.

Why, what, in the name of wonder, is the meaning of this? Is this by way of jeft? or, are you

The M O C K - D O C T O R. 111

you both mad, to make me a phyfician in fpite of my teeth ?

V A L E R E.

What ! ftill obftinate ? So, you will not allow you are a phyfician ?

L U C A S.

You know nothing of phyfic ?

S G A N A R E L L E.

May I be hang'd if I do ! [*They beat him again.*] Hold ! hold ! gentlemen. Yes ; yes ; fince you will have it fo ; I believe I am a phyfician ; ay, and a doctör ; nay, and a pothecary too, if you please. Zounds ! I had rather be any thing than be beat to a mummy !

V A L E R E.

Now, fir, this is talking as you fhould do ; and I am overjoy'd to find you have recovered your reafon.

L U C A S.

Od'sniggars ! it revives the very cockles of my heart to hear you talk thus !

V A L E R E.

I beg ten thoufand pardons——

L U C A S.

And fo do I, by this light !

S G A N A R E L L E. [*Afide.*]

Why, what a plague ! I am fomething more than I thought I was ! Ha ! friend Sganarelle ! thou art a learned man ; and never knew'ft a tittle of it !

V A L E R E.

You fhall have no caufe, fir, to repent your having difcovered yourfelf to us. You fhall be very well fatisfy'd for your trouble.

S G A N A R E L L E.

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SGANARELLE.

Stay, gentlemen ; one word ; only one word, if you please. Are you seriously persuaded that I am a physician ?

VALERE.

Seriously.

LUCAS.

As sure as a gun.

SGANARELLE.

You are ? you really are ?

VALERE and LUCAS.

Undoubtedly.

SGANARELLE.

The devil take me if I knew it before !

VALERE.

No ! why, you are the most skilful physician in the world.

SGANARELLE.

I am ?

LUCAS.

A man that has cured the Lord knows how many incurable disorders.

SGANARELLE.

This is wonderful !

VALERE.

For instance ; a woman that was laid out six hours for dead, you brought to life with a single drop of your famous liquid, and she got up, and walked about her chamber as if nothing had ailed her.

SGANARELLE.

You amaze me !

LUCAS.

L U C A S.

Ay, and a lad of twelve years old, that fell from the top of the church steeple, and killed himself upon the spot, you recovered again with a pot of your ointment; and he went to chuck-farthing in five minutes afterwards.

S G A N A R E L L E.

The devil I did!

V A L E R E.

In short, sir, you shall be well paid; you shall have what you please to ask, if you'll only go with us.

S G A N A R E L L E.

What money I please?

V A L E R E.

You shall indeed.

S G A N A R E L L E.

Nay, then, I am a physician without doubt. Zounds! I had forgot it! Yes, yes, I am a physician. But what's to be done? Who is the patient? Where am I to go?

V A L E R E.

Oh, we'll conduct you. It is to a young lady, who has lost the use of her speech.

S G A N A R E L L E.

Well; but I have not found it.

V A L E R E.

Lord! he loves to jest! Come, sir, we'll shew you the way.

S G A N A R E L L E.

But I cannot go without my physician's dress.

V A L E R E.

Oh! we'll provide one for you.

S G A N A R E L L E.

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SGANARELLE. [*Giving his bottle to Valere.*]

Stay, do you take that; it is what I put my juplin in. [*Turning to Lucas and spitting.*] Put your foot upon that; I order you to do it as a physician.

LUCAS.

Od'sbad, I like this doctor! he's a wag! He'll do't; he'll do't; my life for 'un, he'll do't!

[*Exeunt Sganarelle, Valere, and Lucas.*]

END of the FIRST ACT.

ACT

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter GERONTO, VALERE, LUCAS, and JACQUELINE.

VALERE.

NOW I think, fir, we have done your business; we have brought you the greatest physician that ever was, or ever will be,

LUCAS.

There's not his fellow, d'ye see, in the varsal world. Lord! your doctors now-a-days are not fit to tread upon his spittle.

VALERE.

He has worked wonderful cures.

LUCAS.

Why, he has cured people after they were dead.

VALERE.

He is a little maggotty to be sure, as I said; he has his humours; and you would not take him for what he is.

LUCAS.

Yes, he loves to crack his joke, as a body may say: besides, I don't believe, but as how, he has had a knock in the cradle.

VALERE.

But in the main, he has a power of learning, and sometimes talks in such a manner, as is above every one's comprehension.

LUCAS.

L U C A S.

May I die if 'a don't talk sometimes for all the world as tho'f 'a was reading in a book.

V A L E R E.

His reputation is spread abroad every where in the neighbourhood; and all the world comes to consult him.

G E R O N T O.

I profess I am impatient to see him. Valere, run and fetch him quickly.

V A L E R E.

I will, sir.

[Exit Valere.

S C E N E II.

J A C Q U E L I N E.

By the mass, sir, this man, look you, will do just as much good as the others have done. They be all alike, the devil a farthing to chuse; and the best physicaner you can get for young madam, is a good husband, mind Ise tell you that.

G E R O N T O.

Nurse, I wish you would meddle with your own business.

L U C A S.

Hold your tongue, wife, it is not for you to put in your oar.

J A C Q U E L I N E.

Look'e, I tell you both again, all these physiccanners will do her no good; your daughter wants none of their subscriptions; a young husband is the best plaister for all a maiden's sicknesses.

G E R O N T O.

But is she in a condition for one now with this infirmity upon her? Besides, when I would have given her a husband, did she not refuse him?

J A C Q U E L I N E.

J A C Q U E L I N E.

Marry, and well she might, poor lamb! Why you wanted her to have a man she did not like. If you had offer'd her this same Mr. Leander, I'll be hang'd if she would not have ta'en him, and said thank you into the bargain.

G E R O N T O.

Yes, but Leander is not a proper match for her; the other has a much better estate.

J A C Q U E L I N E.

Why t'other has an old rich uncle, that is to leave him all he is worth.

G E R O N T O.

I have no notion of your things that may be; give me the bird in the hand—While the grass grows the steed starves, as the saying is; and death is not so complaisant to come at a young heir's calling.

J A C Q U E L I N E.

May be so; but I've a saying for your saying; contentment is better than riches. But now-a-days all your fathers think of asking about is, what has he? or what has she? Why there's Goodman Matthew, now, would make his girl, Sue, marry lubberly Thomas; because, forsooth, he had a few more acres of ground than young Robin, whom the las's had a mind to; and what came of it? Why the poor thing is pined away to a very otomy, and looks as thof she was in her winding-sheet: now this may be a warning to you, methinks. Lord help us, what's all this world's riches, without one has what one likes! I had rather give a girl of mine to the man she had a fancy for, than to the best 'squire in the country, d'ye see, if she could not abide him.

G E R O N T O.

GERONTO.

How your tongue runs, nurse! I wish you would not put yourself into such a heat.

LUCAS.

Hold your tongue, impertinence, do! Are you to direct master what he's to do? why sure! pray take care and give the child suck; and don't set up for chopping logic. Master is father of his own daughter isn't he? Ay, and knows what is fittest for her, without your pretending to give your advice.

GERONTO.

Soft, Lucas, dont be angry.

LUCAS.

Let me alone, sir, I'll take her down I'll warrant me, and teach her how to behave to her betters.

GERONTO.

Well, well, but you should not be over-hasty.

S C E N E III.

Re-enter VALERE, with SGANARELLE in a black gown and a high-crown'd hat.

VALERE.

Sir, here is the phyfician I was telling you of.

GERONTO. [*To Sganarelle.*]

Sir I am very happy to fee you here. There is a patient, fir, in this house who ftands in great need of your advice.

SGANARELLE.

Hippocrates fays we fhould be covered.

GERONTO.

Does Hippocrates fays fo?

SGANARELLE.

SGANARELLE.

He does.

GERONTO.

In what chapter, pray?

SGANARELLE.

In his chapter—of hats.

GERONTO.

Nay, since Hippocrates says so—it must be done.

SGANARELLE.

Mr. doctor, having heard of the wonderful cures you have performed ; and——

GERONTO.

Who are you speaking to, fir?

SGANARELLE.

To you, fir.

GERONTO.

I am no phyfician, fir.

SGANARELLE.

How ! are you no phyfician ?

GERONTO.

Not I, indeed.

SGANARELLE.

Nay, then——

Beats him.

GERONTO.

Hold ! hold ! Why what the devil !——

SGANARELLE.

You are a phyfician now ; this is the only degrees I ever took.

GERONTO. [*To Valere.*]

What devil of a fellow have you brought me here ?

VALERE.

I told you he was a little whimsical.

GERONTO.]

120 The FAGGOT-BINDER; Or,

GERONTO.

Yes, but I shall send him packing with his whims.

LUCAS.

Lord, sir, never heed him, he is only in jest.

GERONTO.

But I don't like such jesting.

SGANARELLE.

Sir, I beg your pardon for the liberty I have taken.

GERONTO.

Sir your very humble servant.

SGANARELLE.

Extremely sorry, sir——

GERONTO.

There's no harm done.

SGANARELLE.

For the blows——

GERONTO.

Oh! never mind them.

SGANARELLE.

Which I had the honour to give you——

GERONTO.

No more of that, if you please, sir; I have a daughter who has been suddenly taken with a very extraordinary malady.

SGANARELLE.

I am heartily glad of it, with all my soul, sir; I wish that you and your whole family had the like, that I might shew you how desirous I am to serve you, sir.

GERONTO.

Sir I am infinitely obliged to you for your kind wishes; but——

SGANARELLE.

S G A N A R E L L E.

I assure you I speak from the bottom of my soul.

G E R O N T O.

You do me great honour.

S G A N A R E L L E.

Pray, sir, what is the young lady's name?

G E R O N T O.

Lucinda.

S G A N A R E L L E.

Lucinda! Lucinda! a fine name to practise upon; Lucinda!

G E R O N T O.

I'll go and see for her.

S G A N A R E L L E.

Pray who is that portly woman yonder?

G E R O N T O.

She is nurse to a little child of mine.

[Exit Geronto.]

S C E N E IV.

S G A N A R E L L E. [*Going up to Jacqueline.*]

A very pretty piece of household stuff. Ah, nurse! charming nurse! my doctorship is your nurseship's very humble slave; and I should be glad to be the happy infant who sucks, ha nurse! who sucks the nipple of your good graces, my sweet nursy? [*Puts his hand upon her breast.*] All my art and knowledge, and skill—and—and—and—Adad, all I have is at your service, pretty mrs nurse!

L U C A S.

Heark'e, master doctor, hands off if you please; she is my wife.

S G A N A R E L L E.

She is your wife, is she?

F

LUCAS.

L U C A S.

Yes.

S G A N A R E L L E. [*Pretending to embrace Lucas, turns to Jacqueline, and kisses her.*]

Upon my veracity I did not know that ;—I am vastly glad of it ; give me leave to wish you joy——both of you.

L U C A S. [*Pulling him back.*]

Fair and softly if you please.

S G A N A R E L L E.

I assure you I am rejoiced that you two are one. [*Does the same as before.*] I congratulate her in having such a husband as you, and you in having a wife so handsome, so wise, and so well-shaped as she is.

L U C A S. [*Pulling him back again.*]

Odsbud ! not so much complimenting, if you please.

S G A N A R E L L E.

Why will you not let me rejoice with you for having so fair a spouse ?

L U C A S.

With, me ! if you please ; but pray do not rejoice quite so much with my wife.

S G A N A R E L L E.

I tell you I take part in both your happinesses. [*Goes on as before.*] And if I embrace you to testify my joy to you ; I embrace her for the same reason.

L U C A S. [*Drawing him back again.*]

None of your flabbering, once more, mr. physician.

S C E N E

S C E N E V.

Re-enter GERONTO.

GERONTO. [*To Sganarelle.*]

Sir, my daughter will wait on you presently.

SGANARELLE.

I wait for her, sir, with all my phyfic.

GERONTO.

Where is it pray?

SGANARELLE. [*Touching his forehead.*]

Here.

GERONTO.

Good.

SGANARELLE. [*Going to touch the nurse's breast.*]

But as I am concerned for all your family, I must inspect your nurse's breast, and try if her milk is good.

LUCAS. [*Pulling him back, and whirling him about.*]

No, no, there's no need of your palming.

SGANARELLE.

It is the business of a physician to inspect the nurse's breasts.

LUCAS.

Business or no business, you shall not handle my wife so, I tell you.

SGANARELLE.

How? Have you the insolence to impede the physician in the discharge of his functions? Away this instant, or——

LUCAS.

Or what? Who's afraid of you d'ye think?

S G A N A R E L L E.

I'll give you a fever.

J A C Q U E L I N E. [*Takes Lucas by the arm, and turns him about.*]

Get you gone you great lubberly cot-quean; don't you think I am old enough to take care of myself, if the doctor was doing any thing to me that should not be done?

L U C A S.

But I will not have him handle you in such a manner.

S G A N A R E L L E.

As I am a man of learning, the rogue is jealous of his wife.

G E R O N T O.

Sir, here comes my daughter.

S G A N A R E L L E.

Is this the lady who is to be my patient?

S C E N E VI.

Enter L U C I N D A *and* V A L E R E.

G E R O N T O.

She is the only daughter I have, and I am under inexpressible uneasiness about her.

S G A N A R E L L E.

Oh! she durst not die without the physician's permission.

G E R O N T O.

Chairs here.

S G A N A R E L L E. [*Sits himself between Geronto and Lucinda.*]

This is no displeasing patient. Egad, I fancy a man in very good health might put up with her.

G E R O N T O.

GERONTO.

You have made her laugh, fir.

SGANARELLE.

So much the better; when the physician makes the patient laugh it is a good sign—Well, young lady, [*To Lucinda.*] what can I do for you? What's your illness? where's your complaint?

LUCINDA. [*Making signs that she is dumb.*]

Aw, aw, ough, ough.

SGANARELLE.

Ha? What d'ye say?

LUCINDA. [*Repeating her signs.*]

Aw, aw, aw, ough.

SGANARELLE.

What?

LUCINDA.

Aw, aw, aw.

SGANARELLE. [*Mimicking her.*]

Aw, aw, aw; ough, ough, ough, umph! What the devil of a language is this? I cannot understand a syllable she says.

GERONTO.

Why, fir, my daughter's dumb—This is the disorder I sent for you to remove, it came upon her suddenly, no-body can tell the cause; but it has occasioned me to put off her marriage till we can see what may be done for her.

SGANARELLE.

But why did you put off the marriage?

GERONTO.

Because the gentleman who was to have had her would stay till she was cured.

SGANARELLE.

Was ever such a fool! The man must be out of
F 3 his

his senses sure! Not marry because his wife was dumb! Heaven send mine were so, I should not cure her in haste.

GERONTO.

I must entreat you, sir, to exert all your skill to recover her.

SGANARELLE.

Oh! never fear.—But tell me, is she very much afflicted with this distemper?

GERONTO.

Yes, sir.

SGANARELLE.

So much the better.—Has she any great pains?

GERONTO.

Very great.

SGANARELLE.

Better still.—Does she go you no where?

GERONTO.

Yes.

SGANARELLE.

And has copious evacuations?

GERONTO.

I cannot answer for that.

SGANARELLE.

Are the ejections laudable?

GERONTO.

Really, doctor, I am not acquainted with these matters.

SGANARELLE. [*Turning to Lucinda.*]

Give me your arm if you please, madam—
[*Feeling her pulse.*] This pulse, d'ye see—Hum!—
This pulse shews that—your daughter is dumb.

GERONTO.

That is her disease, indeed, sir; you have guest it.

SGANARELLE.

SGANARELLE.

Have I so?

JACQUELINE. [To Lucas.]

Look you there, now, he hit it off at the first moment.

SGANARELLE.

We great physicians know things at the first observation; one of your common doctors would have humm'd and ha'd, and have told you this and that, and t'other—but I come to the point directly—I tell you your daughter is dumb.

GERONTO.

That is certain, but I want to know from what cause?

SGANARELLE.

Oh! that's soon known—Because she has lost her speech.

GERONTO.

Very well—But pray what occasioned this loss of speech? what cause does it proceed from?

SGANARELLE.

Our best authors alledge that it is from an obstruction in the action of the tongue.

GERONTO.

But what is your opinion upon this obstruction?

SGANARELLE.

Aristotle writes finely upon this head.

GERONTO.

Very likely.

SGANARELLE.

Oh! he was a great man!

GERONTO.

I have heard as much.

S G A N A R E L L E.

A very great man! a man greater than me by thus much. [*Holding up his arm.*] But to return to our reasoning. I hold this obstruction of the action of the tongue to be caused by certain humours, which our learned men call peccant; that is to say —peccant—means,—what one may call, d'ye see, peccant—ay, peccant humours; so that the vapours generated by the exhalations of the influences, which rise up from the morbid regions, and meeting with, d'ye see—meeting with—Do you understand Latin?

G E R O N T O.

Not at all.

S G A N A R E L L E.

Not understand Latin!

G E R O N T O.

No, indeed.

S G A N A R E L L E.

Omne quod exit in um, hic, hæc, hoc, Genitivo, horum, harum, horum—Bonus, bona, bonum. Musa, a table; Mensa, a muse; quare, also; unde, wherefore; substantivo et adjectivum concordat in numerum generibus & casibus.

G E R O N T O.

Ah! why did I not study in my youth.

J A C Q U E L I N E.

Blessings on him what a scollard!

L U C I N D A.

'Tis so fine, that the murrain take me if I understand a word of it.

S G A N A R E L L E.

Then those vapours of which I was speaking to you, passing from the left side, which is the seat of
the

the heart, meets with the lungs, which in Latin we call *armæan*, which have communication with the brain, which in Greek we call *nafmus*, by means of the cave vein, which in Hebrew is stiled *cubile*; and meets in its way with the same vapours which fill the ventricles of the *onioplata*; and then the said vapours—Now pray attend to this reasoning—because I say the said vapours are endued with a certain malignity—Now pray listen, for on this depends——

GERONTO.

I do, fir, I do.

SGANARELLE.

Have a certain malignity which is caused, mind me——

GERONTO.

I do.

SGANARELLE.

Which is caused by the acrimony of the humours engendered in the concavity of the diaphragm, it so happens that these vapours——Ossabundus, riggabundus, nequer potarinum quipsa nullixo. This is the cause of your daughter's being dumb.

JACQUELINE.

He talks like an angel.

LUCAS.

Odsniggers, his tongue is hung on wires.

GERONTO.

Nothing can be better argued, doctor; there was only, as I thought, one little mistake; which was when you placed the liver and the heart in contrary places: now I always thought that the heart was on the left side, and the liver on the right.

SGANARELLE.

A very pretty observation! a very pretty observation, indeed—Why, I'll tell you, my good fir;

130 The F A G G O T-B I N D E R; Or,

heretofore, it was so; but the late alteration in the college dispensatory has changed it entirely——

GERONTO.

Really I did not know so much—I heartily ask pardon for my ignorance; and——

SGANARELLE.

Oh! there's no harm done—every one is not obliged to know as much as us.

GERONTO.

Most certainly. But pray, doctor, what do you think is to be done in this distemper?

SGANARELLE.

What do I think is to be done in it?

GERONTO.

Yes.

SGANARELLE.

Why I would have you put the young woman to bed, and give her—give her—let me see—ay—you may give her a crust of bread soaked in ale.

GERONTO.

A crust of bread soaked in ale? It is an odd medicine, methinks.

SGANARELLE.

Ah! there you betray your ignorance again! bread and ale, d'ye see, mixed together, have a sympathetic virtue to make the dumb speak. Why don't you know they always give it to parrots, and that learns them to talk, and nothing else in the world.

GERONTO.

That's true; well! what a wonderful man he is! run quickly and get a toast and ale. [*Exit Lucas.*]

SCENE

S C E N E VII.

S G A N A R E L L E.

To morrow night I'll come again, and see how my prescription has operated with the patient. [*To Jacqueline, who is going out.*] Stay, nurse, I have a word or two to say to you. [*To Geronto.*] Sir, I must order some comfortable thing for nurse, here.

J A C Q U E L I N E.

For me? Lord save you, I was never better in my born days.

S G A N A R E L L E.

So much the worse, nurse, so much the worse; too much health is a very dangerous thing. I think it would not be amiss to break a vein, and give her a warm injection.

G E R O N T O.

But it is not common, doctor, for people to undergo a course of physic when nothing ails them.

S G A N A R E L L E.

Oh! it is very wholesome — Prevention is the best physician. For, d'ye see, as a man drinks frequently against he may be a dry, so we should take physic against we may want it.

J A C Q U E L I N E.

Don't tell me, I'll not make an apothecary's shop of my belly for none of you; reject me, and break into my veins! marry come up! [*Exit Jacqueline.*]

S C E N E VIII.

S G A N A R E L L E.

Well, well, I shall take another time to make you hearken to reason, and receive that which I know

132 The FAGGOT-BINDER; Or,

know is good for you. [*Te Geronto.*] Sir, your
humble servant. [*Going.*]

GERONTO.

Stay a little, sir, if you please.

SGANARELLE.

For what, pray, sir?

GERONTO.

For your fee, sir.

SGANARELLE. [*Putting his hand behind him, while
Geronto is opening his purse.*]

Oh! sir, I'll not touch a farthing.

GERONTO.

Sir.

SGANARELLE.

Not a soufe.

GERONTO.

I desire, sir.

SGANARELLE.

By no means.

GERONTO.

Pray now.

SGANARELLE.

You don't know me.

GERONTO.

Here are ten pieces.

SGANARELLE.

I cannot indeed.

GERONTO.

Nay, but——

SGANARELLE.

'Tis not for money I practise.

GERONTO. [*Putting the money into his hand.*]
I believe you.

SGANARELLE.

SGANARELLE. [*Feeling the money, turns suddenly round to Geronto.*]

Are the pieces good weight?

GERONTO.

Every one of them.

SGANARELLE.

I am none of your mercenary physicians, you see.

GERONTO.

I perceive it.

SGANARELLE.

I am not one of those that do every thing for gain.

GERONTO.

Lord blefs me! I never entertained fuch a thought. Your fervant, fir.

SGANARELLE.

Your's.

[*Exit Geronto.*]

S C E N E IX.

SGANARELLE. [*Standing for fome time counting his money,— Leander enters unperceived by him, and places himfelf clofe at his elbow.*]

One — two — three — four — five — come, this is not fo bad; and if — [*Seeing Leander he thrufts his money haftily into his pocket;*] ha! who are you?

LEANDER.

Sir, I have been waiting on you this great while. I am come, fir, to beg your affiftance.

SGANARELLE. [*Feeling his wriſt.*]

Here's a very bad pulse.

LEANDER.

I am not ill, fir, it is not for that I come to you.

SGANARELLE.

134 The FAGGOT-BINDER; Or,

SGANARELLE.

Not ill? why a plague did you not tell me so then?

LEANDER.

To be short, my name is Leander, I am deeply in love with Lucinda, the young lady whom you come here to visit. I find my passion returned by the lovely object of my vows; but her father is so ill-humoured, and averse to our connections, that he denies me all access to her. I have therefore resolved to apply to you to serve me in this exigence, and give me an opportunity of executing a scheme, which I have invented, to get to the speech of her, upon which the whole happiness of my future life depends.

SGANARELLE. [*Angrily.*]

'Sdeath, sir, who do you take me for? that you dare apply to me as a go-between in your love affairs, and lessen the dignity of the faculty, by putting me upon an employment that——

LEANDER.

For heav'n's sake, sir, do not speak so loud.

SGANARELLE. [*Raising his voice.*]

But I will, sir, and louder yet. Sir, you are an impertinent fellow, a——

LEANDER.

Peace, I beseech you.

SGANARELLE.

A blockhead, that——

LEANDER.

For pity's sake!

SGANARELLE.

I'll let you see I am not the person you take me for; and you shall dearly pay for having had the insolence to propose——

LEANDER.

LEANDER. [*Putting a purse into his hand.*]
Dear doctor!

SGANARELLE. [*Taking the purse.*]

Employing me in ——— I don't speak to you fir, you are a very civil gentlemen, and one whom I would serve with my heart's blood; but there are a set of impertinent people in the world, who are apt to mistake their man; and you must know that nothing raises my choler so much.

LEANDER.

I beg pardon, fir, for the liberty; ———

SGANARELLE.

Oh, dear fir! no apologies; ——— what can I do to serve you?

LEANDER.

You must know, fir, that this disorder, which has so much puzzled all our physicians, and which you are at length called in to cure, is a mere sham, a device put in practice by Lucinda to serve our loves, and rid herself of a man whom she detests, and whom her father is obstinately bent upon giving her for a husband. But, lest any one should come and surprise us together in this place, we'll retire if you please; and as we go along, I'll tell you all I desire you to do for me.

SGANARELLE.

Sir, I am moved to the soul with your story, and I'll burn all my books, or the patient shall either die or be your's.

[*Exeunt Leander and Sganarelle.*]

END of the SECOND ACT.

ACT

ACT III. SCENE I.

*Enter LEANDER, disguised like an apothecary,
and SGANARELLE.*

LEANDER.

WELL, I think my dress is not badly chosen, and I believe I may pass well enough for an apothecary with her father, who has not seen me above two or three times; so that this starch habit, and long wig, will sufficiently secure me from his knowlege.

SGANARELLE.

There's no fear of it.

LEANDER.

All I want now is five or six physical terms, to interlard my discourse with, and give me the air of a man of skill in my profession.

SGANARELLE.

Pish! never trouble your head about that. This dress is sufficient; why, I know no more of the matter than yourself.

LEANDER.

How!

SGANARELLE.

The devil take me, if I have the least knowlege of physick. I find you are a man of honour, and therefore do not scruple putting a confidence in you, as you have done in me.

LEANDER.

L E A N D E R.

What! are not you really ———

S G A N A R E L L E.

No, I tell you, I was made a physician in spite of my teeth. I never aimed at so much learning, not I; God help me, I never got above the lowest form at school. Nor can I conceive, for the soul of me, what put it into the peoples heads to make a doctor of me; but when I found they were resolved to have it so right or wrong, why I e'en put the best face on the matter, though it might be at my patient's expence. You cannot imagine how this error has spread abroad, and how bewitched people are to think me a man of skill. I am sent for by high and low, and troth, between you and I, if matters continue as they have begun, I think to continue a physician as long as I live; for I find by experience, that it is the best trade one can follow; for whether we cure or kill, we are always sure of our fee. We are never charged with consequence, and we cut out the stuff as we please. A shoemaker cannot spoil a piece of leather, but he must stand to the loss; but here we may spoil a man, and it costs us nothing. The fault is never ours, but the patient's, who dies. In short, the advantage of this profession is, that there is a certain generosity, an unparalleled discretion, in those who die under our hands; for they never make any complaints of their physician.

L E A N D E R.

Rightly observed; the dead are a very good sort of people for that.

S G A N A R E L L E. [*Looking out.*]

But here are some people, that seem as if they were coming to consult me. Do you retire, and stay for me near your mistress's house.

[*Exit Leander.*]

S C E N E

S C E N E II.

Enter HODGE and his Son PETER.

H O D G E.

Measter doctor, here be I and zon Peter come to speak to your doctorship.

S G A N A R E L L E.

Well, and what dy'e want with me?

H O D G E.

His poor mother Joan has been on her zick bed these zix months and more, zo please you.

SGANARELLE. [*Holding out his hands as for money.*]

And what am I to do in this affair?

H O D G E.

We would have you order'n zome gallimawfry or other to cur'n.

S G A N A R E L L E.

What is her distemper?

H O D G E.

A trumpery an't please you.

S G A N A R E L L E.

A trumpery!

H O D G E.

Yes, that is to zeay, a' is zwelled all over, as tho'f a' was ztufft; your larned volk zay, as how it comes from a zillozity in the blood of'n, and that it is all turned to water; the Loard knows, but zure enuf she has every other day a colleden veaver, with leacheries and peans in the muzzles of the legs of'n. And you may hear in her throat a croaking and rattling, which well a nigh choak-e'n; and then, poor zoul, a' is teaken with such fyncokes and conversions, that a' lies for dead. We have in our village a poticaryer, with reverence
be

be it spoken, that has given her the Loard above knows how much stuff, and it has cost me above a dozen good creawns in clysters, saving your worship's presence, and apostures and reflections of hyzipries, that he was always cramming her wi'; and after all, she took a drug they call hell-fire wine, which I verily thought would ha' zent'n to her grave, as the zaying is; and they zay, as how the physicianers have sent the Loard knows how many volk into t'other world with this new vention.

S G A N A R E L L E. [*Still holding out his hand, and shaking it.*]

But to the point, friend, to the point.

H O D G E.

The point, sir, is this; that zon Peter and I be come to inzult your worship about what we mun do.

S G A N A R E L L E.

I don't understand you.

P E T E R.

Why, zir, poor mother's zick; and I have brought you a piece here for you to subscribe for her.

S G A N A R E L L E.

Now I understand you. This lad speaks intelligibly, and as he ought to do. You say your mother's sick of a tympany, that is, a dropsy; and that she is swelled all over her body, and has pains in her legs, and is sometimes taken with syncopes and convulsions, that is, faintings.

P E T E R.

Yes, an't please you, zir, that is just her disorder.

S G A N A R E L L E.

Oh! I understood you presently. Your father
here

here don't know what he says. You want me to prescribe something for your mother?

PETER.

Yes, zir.

SGANARELLE.

Something that will cure her?

PETER.

Ay, zir, that is what we want.

SGANARELLE.

Well! here's a pice of cheese, give her that.

PETER.

Cheese, zir!

SGANARELLE.

Ay, 'tis prepared cheese; in which there is gold, coral, pearls, and many other rich and valuable ingredients.

PETER.

Zir, we're bounden to pray for you; and mother shall take it as soon as ever we gets hoam.

SGANARELLE.

Well, away with you. [*To Hodge and Peter, who are going out*] But, hold, I thought I had something else to say to you;—if she dies, be sure to bury her as decently as you can.

[*Exeunt Hodge and Peter.*]

S C E N E III.

Enter JACQUELINE.

[*Lucas following her softly behind; who places himself at a corner of the stage as if listening.*]

SGANARELLE.

Odso! here's the pretty nurse. Ah, sweet nursery! nursery of my heart, I am overjoy'd to meet you

you thus fortunately! The sight of you, my lovely nurse, is rhubarb, cassia, and senna, that expels all melancholy from my soul.

J A C Q U E L I N E.

Law you now, mr. doctor! you munnot talk in that fashion to me; for, Ise tell you plainly, I do not understand any of your Latin.

S G A N A R E L L E.

Fall sick, nurse; do, dear nurse, fall sick, for my sake, that I may have the pleasure to cure you.

J A C Q U E L I N E.

I thank you as much as if I did; but, by the sackins, I had rather not stand in need of your help; see you that now?

S G A N A R E L L E.

My dear nurse! I am griev'd to the heart to see you plagued with such a jealous-pated fool of a husband.

J A C Q U E L I N E.

Lord! what can I do? you know, sir, 'tis for the punishment of my sins; and where the goat's ty'd, there she must browse, as the saying is.

S G A N A R E L L E.

The fellow is such a rustic! He is perpetually watching all your motions; and will not suffer any body to speak to you.

J A C Q U E L I N E.

Ah! Lord bless you; you have seen nothing of him yet: this is but a little sample of his cursed humour.

S G A N A R E L L E.

Is it possible a man can have so base a soul, as to ill treet such a wife as you? There are some people in the world, nurse, that I know; and they are not a great way off now, that would think themselves

themselves happy to kiss only the tip of one of your pretty little petty-toes! What a shame it is, that so lightly a woman as you are should fall into the hands of such a brute! such a stupid wretch! such a fool!—Pardon me, sweet nurse, for speaking thus of your husband.

J A C Q U E L I N E.

Nay, by the mass, 'tis no more than he deserves.

S G A N A R E L L E.

Very true, nurse; and, more than that, he deserves to have something put upon his head, to punish him for his foolish jealousy. Ha, nurse! what say you?

J A C Q U E L I N E.

I' faith, you say true enough, master doctor; and, if it was not for something more than any regard I have to him, I might be tempted to do some strange thing or another—

S G A N A R E L L E.

Faith, nurse, it would be no bad deed to revenge yourself. He is a man that, as I said before, well deserves to be paid in that coin; and, if I was so happy, sweet mrs. nurse, to be the person you should pitch upon to——

[While Sganarelle is saying this, and stretches out his arms to embrace Jacqueline, Lucas comes forward, and, slipping his head under Sganarelle's arm, puts himself between him and his wife, who both stare at him in amaze, and steal off at separate doors.]

S C E N E IV.

Enter G E R O N T O.

G E R O N T O.

Soho, Lucas! have you seen our physician?

LUCAS.

L U C A S.

Yes, the murrain catch him! I have seen him,
and my jade of a wife too.

G E R O N T O.

Where can he be?

L U C A S.

Ife know not. An he were at the devil I do
not care.

G E R O N T O.

Go, and enquire how my daughter does.

[Exit Lucas.]

S C E N E V.

Enter S G A N A R E L L E *and* L E A N D E R.

G E R O N T O.

Ah, fir! I was juft enquiring where you was.

S G A N A R E L L E.

I was in the outer court, amufing myfelf with
expelling the fuperfluity of drink. How fares it
with my patient?

G E R O N T O.

Why, I think fhe is rather worfe fince fhe took
your prefcription.

S G A N A R E L L E.

So much the better. It is a fign it operates.

G E R O N T O.

Yes; but I'm afraid it will kill her in the ope-
ration.

S G A N A R E L L E.

Do not be alarmed; I have remedies that will
do every thing.—I only wifh to fee her at the laft
gafp.

G E R O N T O.

144 The FAGGOT-BINDER ; Or,

GERONTO.

Who is this stranger you have brought with you ?

SGANARELLE. [*Makes signs to signify he is an apothecary.*]

He is——

GERONTO.

What ?

SGANARELLE.

Why, a——

GERONTO.

Ha ?

SGANARELLE.

Who——

GERONTO.

Oh, I understand you.

SGANARELLE.

Your daughter will have occasion for.

S C E N E VI.

Enter LUCINDA and JACQUELINE.

JACQUELINE.

Sir, my young lady here, is desirous of fetching a little walk, or so.

SGANARELLE.

By all means; the air will do her good. Go, [*To Leander.*] mr. apothecary, and examine the patient's pulse, that we may consult together about her distemper." [*Here Sganarelle draws Geronto to the further part of the stage, and puts his arm over his shoulder to hinder his turning towards Lucinda and Leander.*] It is a deep and subtle question, sir, among the faculty, whether women are more easily cured than men. I beg you will listen to this.—Some say, Yes; others say, No: now, I say,

say, both Yes, and No. Forasmuch as the incongruity of the opaque humours which are found in the natural temperament of women, causes the brutal part always to predominate over the sensitive, we see, that the inequality of their opinions depend on the oblique motion of the circle of the moon; and, when the sun, darting its beams on the cavity of the earth, meets with—

LUCINDA. [*To Leander.*]

No; I will never alter my determination.

GERONTO.

My daughter speaks! Oh wonderful prescription! Oh, admirable physician! Dear sir! how infinitely am I obliged to you for this unparalleled cure? How can I sufficiently reward you for such a service?

SCANARELLE. [*Walking about, and fanning himself with his bat.*]

This distemper has cost me a world of pains.

LUCINDA.

Yes, father, I have recovered my speech; but it is to declare to you, that I will never accept of any husband but Leander; and that you will, in vain, oblige me to give my hand to Horatio.

GERONTO.

But—

LUCINDA.

Nothing shall shake my resolves.

GERONTO.

Why—

LUCINDA.

All arguments will be useless.

GERONTO.

But, suppose—

G

LUCINDA.

146 The FAGGOT-BINDER; Or,

LUCINDA.

All you can say will be in vain.

GERONTO.

I tell you——

LUCINDA.

I am fixed.

GERONTO.

But——

LUCINDA.

Not all the force of parental authority shall oblige me to marry against my will!

GERONTO.

I have——

LUCINDA.

You may lay aside all endeavours——

GERONTO.

He——

LUCINDA.

My heart can never submit to such tyranny!

GERONTO.

The——

LUCINDA.

And I'll sooner bury myself in a monastery for life, than marry a man I do not love!

GERONTO.

But——

LUCINDA. [*Raising her voice.*]

No!—It is all in vain!—You lose your time!—
I will not consent!—I am resolved!

GERONTO.

My God! what a torrent of words is here?
For heaven's sake, sir, can you not make her dumb again?

SGANARELLE.

S G A N A R E L L E.

Oh Lord ! fir, that's impossible. I'll tell you what I can do, if you please ; I can make you deaf.

G E R O N T O.

I am obliged to you—[To Lucinda.] But, do you think, then—

L U C I N D A.

All your reasoning will have no weight with me.

G E R O N T O.

You shall marry Horatio this very night !

L U C I N D A.

I'll wed my grave sooner.

S G A N A R E L L E. [To Geronto.]

Stay ; don't put yourself in a passion. Let me physicianize this affair a little. This is a disorder that is upon her—I know a medicine that will suit her.

G E R O N T O.

Why, is it possible, fir, that your skill can reach to cure disorders of the mind ?

S G A N A R E L L E.

Yes, yes ; let me alone : I have a remedy for every thing ; and our apothecary here shall administer it. [To Leander.] Hearn'e, mr.—a word with you. You perceive, that the young lady's passion for this same Leander is greatly contrary to her father's inclination ; that there is no time to be lost ; and that the humours are greatly irritated ; and that it is very necessary to apply some speedy remedy to this disorder ; which, otherwise, may, by delay, grow too powerful for our art. For my part, I know of but one medicine that we can hope for success from ; and that is, for her to take a dose of purgative flight, corrected with two

drams of matrimonium, and made up into pills. Perhaps she may make some scruple to take this remedy ; but, as you are very skilful in your business, you must endeavour to get the better of her repugnance, and make her swallow it as well as you can. Go now, and take a little turn in the garden with her, to prepare the humours, whilst I stay and discourse with her father—But remember, no time is to be lost. Quick, quick, apply the remedy ; this never-failing specific remedy—away.

[*Exeunt Leander and Lucinda.*]

S C E N E VII.

GERONTO.

Pray, sir, what kind of drugs are these you have just been prescribing for my daughter ? I do not remember ever to have heard their names before.

S G A N A R E L L E.

Oh, these are particular drugs that we make use of in very pressing cases.

GERONTO.

Did you ever see any thing so insolent as this baggage ?

S G A N A R E L L E.

Young women are apt to be headstrong sometimes.

GERONTO.

You cannot conceive how bewitched she is to this Leander !

S G A N A R E L L E.

The minds of youth are very subject to these passions. They are occasioned by the heat of the blood.

GERONTO.

GERONTO.

As soon as I discovered this idle love of her's, I took special care to keep her locked up—

SGANARELLE.

You did wisely.

GERONTO.

And prevented her from having any correspondence with him—

SGANARELLE.

Mighty well done !

GERONTO.

They would have committed some extravagance or other, if I had suffered them to see each other—

SGANARELLE.

Most certainly.

GERONTO.

And, I am persuaded, she would not have hesitated to run away with him.

SGANARELLE.

You reason very prudently.

GERONTO.

I was informed he used many endeavours to get to the speech of her—

SGANARELLE.

Oh, he's a pickled dog, I warrant him.

GERONTO.

But he would only have lost his labour—

SGANARELLE.

Ay, ay ; let you alone !

GERONTO.

And I will prevent any such doings for the future.

S G A N E R E L L E.

He has no fool to deal with; I can see that: and you know as many tricks as he can shew you. You'd give him a Rowland for his Oliver, I'll answer for you.

S C E N E V I I I.

Enter L U C A S.

L U C A S.

Od'sniggers, measter! here's a fine piece of work! Young madam is gone off with her Lander! That was he, mun, in the potcaryer's dress; and measter doctor, that stands there, has made this vine operation.

G E R O N T O.

How! am I tricked! abused! cheated! and robbed of my daughter in this manner? Lucas, run immediately for a constable: and, d'ye hear, let my doors be locked, that no one go out.—Ah, ha, mr. hangdog of a phyfician! this is your doing, is it? I'll fit you for it, i'faith, if there's law or justice in the land. [*Exit* Geronto.]

L U C A S.

Look'e, measter doctor, if your phyficianship will only stay here a quarter of an hour, or so, you shall be hanged as round as a Robin.

S C E N E I X.

Enter M A R T I N A.

M A R T I N A.

Oh Lord! I am just jaded out of my life with hunting after this plaguy house! [*To* Lucas.] Pray,

Pray, tell me, what is become of the physician I recommended to you?

L U C A S.

There a' is; and he will be hang'd presently.

M A R T I N A.

How? my husband hanged! What can he have done to deserve it?

L U C A S.

He has helped a young rakehelly fellow to run away with my master's daughter.

M A R T I N A.

Ah, my poor dear husband! are you really to be hanged?

S G A N A R E L L E.

My dear spouse! you see how it is.

M A R T I N A.

And must you, then, be made a spectacle to the world?

S G A N A R E L L E.

Why, what would you have me to do?

M A R T I N A.

If you had but made up our winter's stack of wood, I would not mind it so much.

S G A N A R E L L E.

Go—leave me—you'll break my heart.

M A R T I N A.

No; I'll stay and encourage you to die! I will never leave you till I see you hanged!—Oh! my poor dear husband!

S G A N A R E L L E.

Oh! Oh! Oh!

S C E N E X.

Re-enter GERONTO.

GERONTO.

The officer will be here presently ; and then, mr. doctor, you shall be put into a place of security.

SGANARELLE. [*Falling on his knees to Geronto.*]

Ah, good sir ! might I not come off for a sound drubbing ?

GERONTO.

No, no ; justice shall take its course.—But, what do I see ?

S C E N E The Last.

Enter LEANDER, LUCINDA, and JACQUELINE.

LEANDER.

Sir, I come to present Leander to your eyes, and put Lucinda into your hands again. We, both of us, intended to go off together, and be marry'd ; but this design has given way to a more honourable proceeding. I will not now steal your daughter ; I desire to receive her from your own hands. I am now to acquaint you, sir, that I have just received letters which inform me that my uncle is dead, and has left me heir to his whole estate ; and——

GERONTO.

No more, sir ; your virtue and generosity is all that I consider ; and I give you my daughter with the greatest satisfaction.

SGANARELLE.

S G A N A R E L L E. [*Aside.*]

Well escaped phyfic, i'faith !

M A R T I N A.

Husband, since you are not to be hang'd, pray thank me for making you a physician ; for you must know, that it was me who procured you that honour.

S G A N A R E L L E.

Yes ; and by the same token you procured me a handsome beating too.

L E A N D E R.

The event has proved so favourable, that you ought to bury all thoughts of resentment.

S G A N A R E L L E.

Well, then, be it so. [*To Martina.*] Wife, I pardon you the beating, in consideration of the dignity you have raised me to ; but take care, henceforwards, to behave with all due respect and submission to a man of my consequence : and consider, that the anger of a physician is more to be dreaded than can be imagined.——

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

END of the M O C K - D O C T O R.

THE
GENTLEMAN CIT.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Monfieur JORDAN, the Cit.

CLEONTES, in love with Lucilia.

DORANTES, a count, in love with Dorimena.

CEVIELLO, footman to Cleontes.

Dancing MASTER, Mufic MASTER, Taylors,
Footmen, &c.

Madam JORDAN.

LUCILIA, her daughter.

DORIMENA, a young marchionefs.

NICOLINA, maid to madam Jordan.

SCENE, *Monfieur Jordan's house in Paris.*

T H E

G E N T L E M A N C I T .

A C T I. S C E N E I.

A large room in monsieur Jordan's house, Music Master, Dancing Master, three singers, two violins, and the Music Master's scholars at a table composing a tune.

Music M A S T E R. [*Speaking to his people.*]

DO you retire into that room, and wait till his worship comes.

Dancing M A S T E R. [*To his people.*]

And do you retire into that other apartment.

Music M A S T E R. [*To his scholars.*]

Have you done ?

S C H O L A R .

Yes, sir.

Music M A S T E R.

Let me see it—Hum!—this is very well.

Dancing M A S T E R.

What have you there ? any thing that's new ?

Music

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MUSIC MASTER.

Yes, it is a tune for a serenade, which I ordered him to compose till our genius comes down.

DANCING MASTER.

May one see it?

MUSIC MASTER.

You will hear it with the dialogue when he comes—He will soon be here.

DANCING MASTER.

Well, I think we have pretty good business upon our hands at present.

MUSIC MASTER.

We have so. This is just such a person as we wanted. This monsieur Jordan is as good as an estate to us, with the whims of nobility and gallantry that has taken possession of his brain; and your capers and my fiddle would have a rare time of it if every one was like him.

DANCING MASTER.

I differ from you in opinion on that head, for I could wish he understood a little better what we endeavour to teach him.

MUSIC MASTER.

To be sure he is an execrable dunce, and knows nothing of what we shew him; but then he pays well for what he does not understand; and that is what both your profession and mine chiefly regard in a scholar.

DANCING MASTER.

For my part, I must confess to you, that I am ambitious for some reputation as well as profit. I am pleased with applause, and think nothing can be so mortifying to the professors of the polite arts as to be obliged to let themselves down to blockheads, and to see their compositions exposed to the stupidity of an ass. Say what you will, there is a sensible

ble pleasure in working for persons who are capable of entering into the delicacies of an art, and who know how to cherish a work for its beauties; and repay us for our labour with agreeable applause. Certainly the most pleasing recompence a man can receive for his performances, is to see them made known to the public, and crowned with an approbation that at once tickles his vanity, and does honour to his skill. This, this is the grand reward for all our toils; and public approbation is the most exquisite of all pleasures.

Music M A S T E R.

There I entirely agree with you; and no one can taste that gratification more exquisitely than myself: but then, my good friend, praise is too thin a diet to live upon; for let it be ever so nice and refined, it will not make a man easy in his circumstances. Some more solid is required; and, in my opinion, the best praise is that which is given from the purse. Our spark here, indeed, is one of very little understanding, and talks of things in the most ridiculous manner; but then his liberality makes ample amends for the defect in his judgment. You must allow that no man has a more discerning purse. His praises are all current coin; and this ignorant vain cit is of more worth to us, as you see, than the very knowing lord who introduced us here.

Dancing M A S T E R.

There is some truth in what you say; but I cannot help thinking you lay rather too great a stress upon money; and a sordid love of gain has something in it so mean and grovelling, that it is unbecoming any man of honour to betray an attachment to it.

Musick M A S T E R.

And yet you are always ready to receive whatever our gentleman pleases to give you.

Dancing M A S T E R.

Undoubtedly. But I do not place all my happiness in it; and I still say that I wish he added a little good taste to his liberality.

Musick M A S T E R.

I could wish the same; and it is the business of both of us to endeavour to inspire him with it. But at all events, we shall make ourselves known to the world by this means, and he will pay for others what others will praise for him.

Dancing M A S T E R.

But here he comes.

S C E N E II.

Enter Monsieur JORDAN, in a night-gown and a cap, followed by two footmen.

Monf. J O R D A N.

Well, gentlemen, how go matters? What have you got new now, ha? Shall we see your little drollery?

Dancing M A S T E R.

How, sir! our drollery?

Monf. J O R D A N.

Lord, I mean your——What d'ye call it——your prologue or dialogue of singing and dancing.

Dancing M A S T E R.

Oh! is it that you mean?

Musick M A S T E R.

We are all ready, as you see, sir.

Monf. J O R D A N.

I have made you wait a little, I believe; but I have been dressing this morning according to the fashion;

fashion; and my hosier sent me a pair of silk stockings that I thought I should never be able to draw on.

Music MASTER.

Sir, we are here to wait your leisure.

Monf. JORDAN.

Pray, gentlemen, don't go till my taylor has brought me my cloaths, that you may see how I look in them.

Dancing MASTER.

What you please, sir.

Monf. JORDAN.

You'll see I shall be compleatly equipped from head to foot.

Music MASTER.

We do not doubt it in the least, sir.

Monf. JORDAN.

Look here, I have just had this chintz nightgown made for me.

Dancing MASTER.

It is very handsome.

Monf. JORDAN.

My taylor tells me that every person of fashion wears such things in a morning.

Music MASTER.

It fits admirably well upon you.

Monf. JORDAN.

Here, footmen! my two footmen—where are they?

1st FOOTMAN.

What is your honour's pleasure?

Monf. JORDAN.

Nothing; I had only a mind to know if you was in waiting. [*To Music Master and Dancing Master.*] What say you to my liveries?

Dancing

Dancing M A S T E R.

They are extremely magnificent.

Monf. JORDAN. [*Throws aside his night gown, and shows a crimson velvet waistcoat and green silk breeches, with gold garters.*]

Here, now, is a pretty light undress, I had made on purpose to go thro' my morning exercises in.

Music M A S T E R.

It is very genteel.

Monf. JORDAN.

Footmen.

1st F O O T M A N.

Sir.

Monf. JORDAN.

My other footman.

2^d F O O T M A N.

Sir.

Monf. JORDAN. [*Pulling off his night-gown.*]

Here, hold my night-gown. [*To the Music Master and Dancing Master.*] Well, how d'ye like me now? this will do, won't it?

Dancing M A S T E R.

Admirably well, nothing can be better.

Monf. JORDAN. [*To Music Master.*]

Come, let's see your matters.

Music M A S T E R.

I am ready, sir; but first of all I could wish to give you an air which this young man, [*Pointing to his scholar.*] has just composed for the serenade you ordered. He is one of my scholars, and has an admirable talent for these sort of things.

Monf. JORDAN.

May be so; but between you and I, mr. Music Master; I don't think you should leave these things
to

to be done by your scholars. I suppose you are not too good to do it yourself, are you?

MUSIC MASTER.

Oh! my dear sir, by no means; but I hope the name of scholar will not prejudice you. These kind of scholars know as much as the greatest masters, and the air is as fine a one as ever was composed. Be pleased to hear it only.

MONS. JORDAN. [*To his footman.*]

Give me my night-gown, that I may hear the better—no—stay—I believe I shall be better in my waistcoat—or you may give it me for that matter, I may catch cold without it—Now for it—begin.

A woman singer sings the following song.

- “ For ever I languish in tears and in sighs,
- “ Not daring my flame to reveal;
- “ Since a slave I became to those beautiful eyes,
- “ How sharp are the pangs that I feel.
- “ If, Chloe, your lover you thus can neglect,
- “ Ah! what has the wretch who’s your foe
- “ to expect?”

MONS. JORDAN.

This is a melancholy tune in my mind. Egad! ’tis enough to set me asleep. I wish you would make it a little merrier in some parts.

MUSIC MASTER.

The music, sir, must always be made to answer the words.

MONS. JORDAN.

I was taught one some time ago, that is vastly pretty—Hold—stay—How does it begin?

DANCING MASTER.

Truly, sir, I do not know.

MONS. JORDAN.

There’s something about mutton or lamb in it.

Dancing.

Dancing M A S T E R.

Mutton or lamb?

Monf. J O R D A N.

Oh Lord! I have it.

[*He sings.*]

“ I thought pretty Nan

“ Was as tame as a lamb,

“ I thought her as gentle as fair;

“ But ah! well-a-day,

“ I truly may say,

“ She’s as cruel as tyger or bear.”

Is not that pretty?

Musick M A S T E R.

Nothing can be prettier.

Dancing M A S T E R.

And you sing it perfectly well.

Monf. J O R D A N.

And yet the devil fetch me if ever I learnt a note of music.

Musick M A S T E R.

You ought to learn it, fir, as well as dancing. These are two arts which are strictly related to each other.

Dancing M A S T E R.

And which inspire the mind with noble sentiments.

Monf. J O R D A N.

Do people of quality learn music?

Musick M A S T E R.

No man of fashion neglects it.

Monf. J O R D A N.

Oh! then I’ll learn to be sure——But the devil of it is, I don’t know how to find time for all these things: for besides, my fencing master, I have engaged with a master of philosophy, who is to begin with me this morning.

Musick

Music M A S T E R.

Philosophy is something to be sure, but music!
sir, music!

Dancing M A S T E R.

Music and dancing—music and dancing are every
thing.

Music M A S T E R.

Nothing is of so much use in a state as music.

Dancing M A S T E R.

Nothing is so necessary to mankind as dancing.

Music M A S T E R.

Without music no government can subsist.

Dancing M A S T E R.

Without dancing a man can do nothing.

Music M A S T E R.

All the wars and disorders we see in the world,
are entirely owing to not learning music.

Dancing M A S T E R.

All the misfortunes which befall mankind; all
the fatal revolutions we read of in history; all the
false steps in politics; and all the slips in great
commanders, have arisen wholly from not knowing
how to dance.

Monf. J O R D A N.

How the devil could that be, master?

Music M A S T E R.

Why do not all wars arise for want of harmony
among mankind?

Monf. J O R D A N.

That's true.

Music M A S T E R.

And if every one learnt music, would it not be
the means of bringing about a greater concord and
agreement

agreement between them, the consequence of which would be universal peace.

Monf. JORDAN.

You are in the right.

Dancing MASTER.

When a man has made a slip, either in his own private affairs, or in the government of a state, or in the command of an army, is it not always said such a one has made a false step in such an affair.

Monf. JORDAN.

It is said so to be sure.

Dancing MASTER.

And can the making a false step proceed from any other cause but the want of knowing how to dance?

Monf. JORDAN.

Right! right! Egad you are both in the right.

Dancing MASTER.

This is to shew the great excellence and utility of music and dancing.

Monf. JORDAN.

I understand it now——

Music MASTER.

Will you please to have our two pieces performed?

Monf. JORDAN.

With all my heart.

Music MASTER.

I have already observed to you, sir, that this is a little essay, in which I have endeavoured to introduce all the different passions that can be expressed by music.

Monf. JORDAN.

Mighty well.

Music

MUSIC MASTER. [*To his people.*]

Come forward. [*To Monf. Jordan.*] You are to suppose them dressed in the characters of shepherds and sheperdesses.

Monf. JORDAN.

But why always shepherds? We have that every day.

Dancing MASTER.

The reason is, fir, that when musical performances are to be introduced, it is always necessary, to give them an air of probability, that they should be in the pastoral stile. Singing has, in all ages, been peculiar to shepherds; and it would be unnatural in dialogue for princes or citizens to sing their passions.

Monf. JORDAN.

Enough, enough, let's hear it.

[*Here follows a musical dialogue between one woman and two men.*]

Monf. JORDAN.

Is this all?

MUSIC MASTER.

Yes, fir.

Monf. JORDAN.

Upon my word I think it is very prettily set off, and there are some good sayings enough in it.

Dancing MASTER.

Now, fir, for my affair. I have finished a small essay of the most beautiful movements and finest postures with which a dance can be vary'd.

Monf. JORDAN.

Is this to be shepherds too?

Dancing

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Dancing M A S T E R.

It may be any thing you please, fir——Come, begin.

[Here the dancers perform several different movements, and variety of steps, according as the Dancing Master commands, which concludes the act.]

END of the FIRST ACT.

SCENE

A C T II. S C E N E I.

Enter Monf. JORDAN, *the* Mufic MASTER,
and Dancing MASTER.

Monf. JORDAN.

FAITH, this is not fo bad, and I can tell you
theſe ſame folks beſtirr'd themſelves notably.

Mufic MASTER.

When the dancing is accompanied by muſic, it
will have a much better effect; and I take upon
me to ſay, that the ballet we have prepared for
you, has ſomething extremely gallant in it, as
you will ſee.

Monf. JORDAN.

Ay, but that is not to come till by-and-by;
the perſon, in honour of whom I have ordered this
entertainment, is to dine with me to-day.

Dancing MASTER.

Every thing is ready.

Mufic MASTER.

But a ſingle entertainment is not enough, ſir; a
perſon of your rank and magnificence, one who
has ſuch a taſte for fine things, ought to have a
concert at his houſe twice a week at leaſt.

Monf. JORDAN.

Why, do perſons of quality do ſo?

Mufic MASTER.

Oh! yes, ſir, always.

H

Monf.

Monf. JORDAN.

Well then fo will I. But will it be very fine?

Mufic MASTER.

Undoubtedly. You muft have three voices; a treble, a counter-tenor, and a bafe, which muft be accompanied with a bafs-viol, a theorbo, and a harpfichord for a thorough-bafe, with three violins to play the other parts.

Monf. JORDAN.

Pray let there be a bagpipe too; there is no mufic I am fo fond of as a bagpipe.

Mufic MASTER.

Leave us to manage; every thing fhall be right.

Monf. JORDAN.

Odfo! do not forget to let me have fome voices, to fing while we are at dinner.

Mufic MASTER.

You fhall have every thing that's neceffary.

Monf. JORDAN.

And be fure you let the ballet be very fine, and a great many people in it.

Mufic MASTER.

You fhall have no reason to complain, and among other things you fhall fee a minuet or two that —

Monf. JORDAN.

Oh! a minuet! that's my favourite dance, — you fhall fee me dance a minuet. — Come, mr. dancing mafter.

Dancing MASTER.

A hat, fir, if you please.

[Monf. Jordan takes a hat from one of the footmen, and puts it on over his night-cap; the Dancing Mafter takes

takes him by the hand, and makes him dance a minuet, while he sings.]

La, la, lare, la, la.

La, tol, lol, lol, derol.

Tol, la, la, tol, lol, derol, lol.

Keep time, fir.

La, la, &c.

Sink a little, if you please.

Tol, lol, &c.

Your right leg forward.

Tol, la, la, &c.

Do not move your shoulders so much.

La, la, lare, la, &c.

Your arms hang as if they were broken.

La, la, la, &c.

Hold up your head, fir. Turn your toes out a little more. So, — La, la, la, &c. Keep your body erect.

Monf. JORDAN.

So; that will do for this time.

Mufic MASTER,

Admirably well performed.

Monf. JORDAN.

Odfo! now I think of it, teach me how to pay my compliments to a marchionefs; for I fhall ftand in need of it prefently.

Dancing MASTER.

You want to know how to accoft a marchionefs?

Monf. JORDAN.

Yes, a marchionefs; her name is Dorimena.

Dancing MASTER.

Give me your hand, if you please.

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Monf. JORDAN.

No matter; only do it yourself, and I shall remember, I warrant me.

Dancing MASTER.

If you would salute her with great respect, you must first fall back a step or two; then advance towards her, making three low bows; and at last bend yourself almost down to the ground.

Master JORDAN.

Do it a little yourself, [*The dancing master shews him the bows.*] Very well, that will do.

S C E N E II.

Enter a FOOTMAN.

FOOTMAN.

Sir, your Fencing Master is come to wait upon you.

Monf. JORDAN.

Is he? tell him to come to me here. I'll take a lesson. [*Exit Footman.*] Now you shall see how I will perform.

S C E N E III.

Re-enter the FOOTMAN, with a pair of foils in his hand, shewing in the Fencing MASTER.

Fencing MASTER. [*Taking the foils from the Footman, and presenting one to Monf. Jordan.*]

Come, sir, your bow.—Your body strait.—Now bend a little upon the left thigh.—Don't straddle so; — your feet in a line, — so; — your wrist opposite your hip, — so; — the point of your sword opposite your shoulder, — so; — your arms not quite so far extended, — very well; your left hand level with your left eye, — so; — your left shoulder
more

more even, — so; — look steadily at me, — bravo! — advance, — so; — your body firm, — so; — now push me in quarte; — retire in quarte, — so; — one, two; — as you were; — advance two steps firm; — one, two, — leap back, — one, two. — When you give a thrust, sir, you should always move your sword first, and keep your body in its proper posture, — one, two. — Come, now push me in terce, and retire in the same, — so; — one, two, — so; — advance, — one, two; — your body firm, — one, two; — as you were, — one, two; — push home, sir, — one, two; —; now leap back; — very well. — Parry, sir, parry. [*Here the Fencing Master gives him two or three hard thrusts, crying parry, sir, parry.*]

Monf. JORDAN.

Oh!

Music MASTER.

You do wonders!

Fencing MASTER.

I have already told you, that the whole science of defence consists only in two things; to hit, and not to be hit; and, as I proved to you the other day by a demonstrative reason, it is impossible you should be hit, if you can turn aside your adversary's sword from the line of your body, which is done by a simple method of the wrist turning in and out, thus, —

Monf. JORDAN.

Why then a man, if he is ever such a coward, is sure to kill his enemy, and not be killed himself.

Fencing MASTER.

To be sure; do you not see it plainly demonstrated?

Monf. JORDAN.

Yes, to be sure I do; d'ye take me for a fool?

Fencing M A S T E R.

This is sufficient to shew of what consideration gentlemen of our profession ought to be in a government, and how much superior the science of arms is to the other trivial and useless sciences, such as music, dancing ———

Dancing M A S T E R.

Fair and softly, mr. quarte and tierce. Learn to speak of dancing with more respect.

Music M A S T E R.

And, at the same time, do not forget what's due to the excellence of music.

Fencing M A S T E R.

You are a couple of merry fellows, by this hilt, to compare your paltry sciences to mine.

Music M A S T E R.

Oh, you are a person of great importance truly!

Dancing M A S T E R.

A droll genius, with his buff doublet!

Fencing M A S T E R.

Heark'ye, mr jig-merchant, I shall make you jig in another manner; and you, mr. tweedle-dum, I shall refine your bow-string for you.

Dancing M A S T E R.

I fancy we shall teach you better manners, mr. fa, fa.

Monf. J O R D A N. [*To the Dancing Master.*]

Zounds! are you out of your wits, to quarrel with a man that has quarte and tierce at his finger's ends, and can kill a man by demonstrative reason?

Dancing M A S T E R.

I laugh at his demonstrative reason, and his quarte and tierce too.

Monf

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Monf. JORDAN.

Be quiet, I tell you.

Fencing MASTER. [*To Dancing Master.*]

Why, how now, mr. butterfly?

Monf. JORDAN.

For God's sake! dear mr. fencing-master!

Dancing MASTER. [*To Fencing Master.*]

And, how now, great Flanderkin?

Monf. JORDAN.

My dear dancing-master!

Fencing MASTER.

If I take you in hand——

Monf. JORDAN.

Gently; gently!

Fencing MASTER.

I'll make you dance to such a tune——

Monf. JORDAN.

Nay, for heaven's sake!

Dancing MASTER.

I'll give you such a basting.

Monf. JORDAN.

Pray, now!

Musie MASTER.

We'll teach him how to speak to——

Monf. JORDAN.

I desire——

S C E N E IV.

Enter a FOOTMAN. [*Shewing in a Master of Philosophy*]

Monf. JORDAN.

Oh, mr. philosopher! you are come in good time with your philosophy. For God's sake! come and make peace between these gentlemen.

Master of PHILOSOPHY.

What is the matter? how is this, gentlemen?

Monf. JORDAN.

Why, they have gone together by the ears about their professions; abused one another; and would have come to blows——

Master of PHILOSOPHY.

Fie, gentlemen! how could you suffer passion to get the better of you in this manner? Have you never read Seneca's learned treatise on anger? Can any thing be more base and unbecoming a man than these impetuous sallies, that reduce us to a level with the beasts? Ought not reason to direct all our actions?

Dancing MASTER.

Sir, he has abused us both! has made a scoff at dancing, which science I have the honour to teach, and ridiculed music, which is this gentleman's profession,

Master of PHILOSOPHY.

A wise man despises all injurious language; and the only reply that should be made to scurrility and abuse, is moderation and patience.

Fencing MASTER.

But they had the impudence to set their professions in competition with mine!

Master

Master of PHILOSOPHY.

Ought that to move you? It is not empty honours, or vain pre-eminence, that men ought to strive for; but who shall be most distinguished by wisdom and virtue.

Dancing MASTER.

I maintained, that dancing is a science which cannot be sufficiently honoured.

Musick MASTER.

And I, that music has been rever'd in all ages.

Fencing MASTER.

And I maintain, against them both, that the science of defence is the most ancient, noble, and necessary of all sciences.

Master of PHILOSOPHY.

And, pray, what becomes of philosophy all this while? Upon my veracity, I look upon you all three as very impertinent fellows, to talk in this manner in my presence; and, with unparalleled assurance, give the name of science to things which hardly deserve the name of arts; and which can, at best, be comprised only under the title of the wretched trades of gladiator, ballad-singer, and tumbler.

Fencing MASTER.

Out, you philosophising rascal!

Musick MASTER.

Miserable pedant!

Dancing MASTER.

Vile pedagogue!

Master of PHILOSOPHY.

How now, you abominable insolent varlets!—
[He flies at them, and all three kick and cuff him]

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Monf. JORDAN.

Mr. philosopher !

Master of PHILOSOPHY.

Audacious ! infamous ! rascally ! insolent——

Monf. JORDAN.

Mr. philosopher !

Mufic MASTER.

The devil fetch the puppy !

Monf. JORDAN.

Gentlemen ! good gentlemen !

Master of PHILOSOPHY.

Impudent fellows !

Monf. JORDAN.

Mr. philosopher !

Dancing MASTER.

Hang the loobily afs !

Monf. JORDAN.

Gentlemen ! dear gentlemen !

Master of PHILOSOPHY.

Villains !

Monf. JORDAN.

Mr. philosopher !

Mufic MASTER.

Impertinent puppy !

Monf. JORDAN.

Gentlemen.

Master of PHILOSOPHY.

Rascals ! thieves ! traitors ! cheats !

Monf. JORDAN.

Mr. philosopher ! gentlemen ! mr. philosopher !
gentlemen ! mr. philosopher !

[They go out fighting.]

SCENE

S C E N E V.

Monf. JORDAN.

Oh, plague! fight as long as you please; I'll have nothing more to do with you: and, the devil fetch me, if I spoil my new night-gown in parting you! besides, I might chance to get two or three confounded blows, by my interfering, that I might never recover.

S C E N E VI.

Re-enter the Master of PHILOSOPHY.

Master of PHILOSOPHY. [*Adjusting his band.*]
Now to our lesson.

Monf. JORDAN.

Dear master! I am extremely concerned at the blows they have given you.

Master of PHILOSOPHY.

They are nothing. A philosopher knows how to take things in a proper manner; and I shall immediately write a satire against them, in the stile of Juvenal, that shall not leave them a rag of reputation to cover their worthlessness.—But, let us leave this subject.—What are you desirous of learning?

Monf. JORDAN.

All that I possibly can; for I have a mighty desire to be learned: and I am ready to hang myself, that my father and mother did not make me study all the arts and sciences when I was young.

Master of PHILOSOPHY.

This is a very rational sentiment. *Nam, sine doctrinâ, vita est quasi mortis imago.* You understand Latin, I suppose?

Monf.

Monf. JORDAN.

Yes, but not very well. Be so good to explain the meaning of it to me.

Master of PHILOSOPHY.

It means, that, without learning, life is but the image of death.

Monf. JORDAN.

This same Latin is right there.

Master of PHILOSOPHY.

Have you not some of the principles, the first rudiments of the sciences ?

Monf. JORDAN.

Yes, yes ; I can write and read.

Master of PHILOSOPHY.

But where is it your pleasure we should begin ? Shall I teach you logic ?

Monf. JORDAN.

Logic ! what is that ?

Master of PHILOSOPHY.

That which teaches us the three operations of the mind.

Monf. JORDAN.

And what are they ?

Master of PHILOSOPHY.

The first, the second, and the third. The first is, how to conceive well by means of universals : the second, to judge well by means of categories : and the third, to draw a consequence by means of figures. *Barbara, celarent Darii ferio, Baralipon.*

Monf. JORDAN.

Lord ! these are violent bouncing words ! I shall never be brought to like this logic. Let us learn something that's prettier.

Master

Master of PHILOSOPHY.

Will you learn morality?

Monf. JORDAN.

Morality!

Master of PHILOSOPHY.

Yes.

Monf. JORDAN.

What do you call morality?

Master of PHILOSOPHY.

It is that which treats of happiness, and teaches men to moderate their passions; and——

Monf. JORDAN.

No; pray let us have nothing to do with that: I am as cholerick as a thousand devils; and, in spite of all the morality in the world, I will have my belly-full of anger when I take it in my head.

Master of PHILOSOPHY.

Shall I teach you natural philosophy then?

Monf. JORDAN.

What story does that tell us?

Master of PHILOSOPHY.

Natural philosophy explains to us the principles of natural things, and the properties of bodies. It discourses of the nature of the elements, metals, minerals, stones, plants, and animals; and teaches us the causes of all the meteors we behold; such as the rainbow, *ignes fatui*, comets, lightning, thunder, rain, snow, hail, winds, and whirlwinds.

Monf. JORDAN.

Od'sniggers! there is too much noise and bustle in this; it will turn one's brain!

Master of PHILOSOPHY.

Why, what must I teach you then?

Monf.

Monf. JORDAN.

Why, teach me to spell.

Master of PHILOSOPHY.

With all my heart.

Monf. JORDAN.

After that, you shall teach me the almanack ; that I may know when there's a moon, and when there's none.

Master of PHILOSOPHY.

Be it so. To follow your idea, and treat this matter in a philosophical manner, we must begin, according to the order of things, by obtaining a perfect knowledge of the nature of letters, and the different manner of pronouncing them all. And, on this head, I must observe to you, that letters are divided into vowels, so called, because they express the vocals, or tones of the voice ; and consonants, so named from sounding with the vowels ; and only mark the various articulations of the voice. There are five vowels or vocals ; A, E, I, O, U.

Monf. JORDAN.

I know all this.

Master of PHILOSOPHY.

The vowel A, is formed by bringing the lower jaw near to the upper.

Monf. JORDAN.

A, A, very well.

Master of PHILOSOPHY.

The vowel E, is formed by bringing the lower jaw nearer to the upper ; and stretching the two corners of the lips towards the ears.

Monf. JORDAN.

A, E. A, E. Faith that's right. Oh ! this is very fine.

Master

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Master of PHILOSOPHY.

The vowel I, is formed by opening the mouth pretty wide. A, E, I.

Monf. JORDAN.

A, E I, I, I. Very true. Oh, learning is a fine thing!

Master of PHILOSOPHY.

The vowel O, is formed by keeping the jaws open, and drawing the lips together at the two corners, the upper and lower.

Monf. JORDAN.

O, O. Nothing can be more just. A, E, I, O. I, O. Admirable! wonderful! I, O. I, O.

Master of PHILOSOPHY.

This opening of the mouth forms a little circle, exactly resembling the letter O.

Monf. JORDAN.

O, O, O. You are right. O. Ah! how charming it is to know things!

Master of PHILOSOPHY.

The vowel U, is formed by pushing out both lips, drawing them near to each other without joining them close. U.

Monf. JORDAN.

U, U. This is all true. U, U.

Master of PHILOSOPHY.

To-morrow, we will consider the other letters, which are called consonants.

Monf. JORDAN.

Are there as many curious things in them, as in these?

Master of PHILOSOPHY.

Doubtless. The consonant D, for example, is pronounced

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pronounced by striking the tip of the tongue against the upper teeth. D, A.

Monf. JORDAN.

Yes; D, A. D, A. Oh, charming! Oh, these are fine things!

Master of PHILOSOPHY.

The F, is pronounced by putting the upper teeth upon the under lip. F, A.

Monf. JORDAN.

F, A. F, A. Perfectly right! Ah! father and mother of mine, I owe you a grudge.

Master of PHILOSOPHY.

And the R, by bringing the tip of the tongue to the top of the palate; so that, being grazed on by the air strongly expelled, it gives way to it, and returns to its place; making a sort of undulatory sound. R.

Monf. JORDAN.

R, R, R, A. R, R, R, R. True; so it does. What a knowing man you are! How much time have I lost? R, R, R. R, A.

Master of PHILOSOPHY.

I will thoroughly explain these curious matters to you.

Monf. JORDAN.

Do so, I beg of you. But, now, I must make you my confidant in a little affair. You must know, I am in love with a lady of great quality; and should be glad if you would assist me to write something pretty to her, in a little note that I will let drop at her feet.

Master of PHILOSOPHY.

Very well.

Monf. JORDAN.

That will be very gallant; won't it?

Master

Master of PHILOSOPHY.

Doubtless. Will you write to her in verse?

Monf. JORDAN.

No, no; not in verse.

Master of PHILOSOPHY.

In prose, then?

Monf. JORDAN.

No; neither prose nor verse.

Master of PHILOSOPHY.

It must be the one or the other.

Monf. JORDAN.

Why so?

Master of PHILOSOPHY.

Because, sir, there is no other way of expressing ourselves but by prose or verse.

Monf. JORDAN.

Indeed?

Master of PHILOSOPHY.

Affuredly; for, whatever is not prose, is verse; and, *e contra*, whatever is not verse, is prose.

Monf. JORDAN.

And, when one speaks, what is that?

Master of PHILOSOPHY.

Prose.

Monf. JORDAN.

The devil it is! So, then, when I say, Nicolina, bring me my slippers, and give my night-cap, it is prose, is it?

Master of PHILOSOPHY.

Yes, sir.

Monf. JORDAN.

Faith, then, I have been speaking prose these forty years, without knowing any thing of it; and
I am.

I am the most obliged to you, that can be, for teaching me this. Well, then, I would say, in my note, Fair marchioness, your bright eyes make me die with love! But, then, I would have this expressed in a gallant manner, with a pretty turn.—You understand me?

Master of PHILOSOPHY.

Say, that the fire of her eyes reduces your heart to cinders; that you suffer, night and day, such torments, that——

Monf. JORDAN.

No, no, no: I'll having nothing of all that: I'll only say, beautiful marchioness! your bright eyes make me die with love!

Master of PHILOSOPHY.

But you must lengthen it out a little.

Monf. JORDAN.

No, I tell you. I'll have these very words in the billet; but turned in a fashionable, quality-like manner; and placed, as they ought to be. Pray, now, tell me how many different manners they may be put in?

Master of PHILOSOPHY.

They may be put, as you said at first; beautiful marchioness! your bright eyes make me die with love! Or, with love, make me die, beautiful marchioness, your bright eyes! Or, with love, your bright eyes, beautiful marchioness, make me die! Or else, your bright eyes, with love, me make, beautiful marchioness, die! Or, die, your bright eyes, beautiful marchioness, with love, me make! Or, me make, your bright eyes, die, beautiful marchioness, with love!

Monf. JORDAN.

But which is the best of all these ways?

Master

Master of PHILOSOPHY.

That which you said. Beautiful marchioness!
your bright eyes make me die with love!

Monf. JORDAN.

And yet I never study'd these things! I did it
all at once. Well, I give you a thousand thanks,
and beg I may see you early to-morrow morning.

Master of PHILOSOPHY.

I shall not fail to wait on you.

[Exit Master of Philosophy.]

SCENE VII.

Monf. JORDAN. [To his footman.]

What! are not my cloaths come home yet?

FOOTMAN.

No, sir.

Monf. JORDAN.

This damn'd rascal of a taylor! to make me
wait on a day that I have so much business to do.
May a scarlet fever seize this dog of a taylor! The
devil take the taylor! The plague poison the taylor!
If I had this hell-hound of a taylor here!
If this damned, infernal, abominable, execrable,
villainous, cursed taylor was but within my reach!
I—

SCENE VIII.

Enter TAYLOR and his Man, with Monf.
Jordan's cloaths.

Monf. JORDAN.

Ah! you are come, are you? I was just going
to be in a passion.

TAYLOR.

TAYLOR.

Sir, I could not possibly wait on you sooner ; I have employed no less than twenty journeymen upon your suit.

Monf. JORDAN.

You have sent me a pair of breeches, so strait, that I was an hour getting them on ; and a seam or two is burst.

TAYLOR.

Oh, sir, they will stretch.

Monf. JORDAN.

Stretch ! ay, so they will, I suppose, if I burst all the seams : and, then, my waistcoat will not come close by two inches.

TAYLOR.

I beg your pardon, sir ; if it has any fault, it is being too wide.

Monf. JORDAN.

Zounds ! too wide ?

TAYLOR.

Yes, sir. I am sure you cannot say it is too tight.

Monf. JORDAN.

But, I tell you, it is too tight.

TAYLOR.

You imagine it only.

Monf. JORDAN.

I imagine it, because I feel it. Very pretty, faith !

TAYLOR.

Look here, sir ; I have brought you the handsomest suit of cloaths at court, and most elegantly fancy'd. It is a master-piece in our business to invent a grave suit of cloaths, that is not black ;
and

and I will give the best taylor in town six trials to do it as well in.

Monf. JORDAN.

Hey day! what's the meaning of this? you have put the flowers downwards!

TAYLOR.

You did not tell me you would have them other-wise.

Monf. JORDAN.

Why, must one tell you every thing?

TAYLOR.

Yes, certainly. All persons of quality wear them so.

Monf. JORDAN.

Do persons of quality wear their flowers downwards?

TAYLOR.

Yes, sir.

Monf. JORDAN.

Oh, then, 'tis very well.

TAYLOR.

If you chuse it, I can turn them the other way.

Monf. JORDAN.

No, no, by no means.

TAYLOR.

Say but the word, and it is done.

Monf. JORDAN.

No; it will do, I tell you. Do you think my cloaths will fit me?

TAYLOR.

A pretty question! I defy a painter to make any thing more exact with his pencil. I have a man at home who is the first genius in the land for cutting out; and another, who is the hero of the age at making a button-hole.

Monf.

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Monf. JORDAN. [*Looking at the Taylor's cloaths.*]

So, so, master fashion ; this is some of the cloth of my last suit I see ; I know it again very well.

TAYLOR.

Why you must know, fir, I liked it so well, that I cabbaged a suit of it, I must confess.

Monf. JORDAN.

But pray was that altogether so honest ?

TAYLOR.

Shall I try on your cloaths, fir ?

Monf. JORDAN.

Ay, do so ; give me them.

TAYLOR.

Have a little patience if you please, fir ; these things are always done with ceremony. I have brought four of my men to assist on this occasion. Without there ! Come and dress this gentleman as you are used to do persons of quality.

S C E N E IX.

Enter four journeymen tailors, who pull off Monf. Jordan's night-gown, &c. and put him on the new cloaths: he walks about, examines himself, and looks several times in the glass to see if they fit him.]

1st Journeyman TAYLOR.

Good your worship give us something to drink ?

Monf. JORDAN.

Ha ! what did you call me ?

2d Journeyman TAYLOR.

Good your worship remember us.

Monf.

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Monf. JORDAN.

Good your worship! see what it is to be a person of quality. I might always have gone dress'd like a citizen, and no-body would have called me good your worship. Hold! here's something for good your worship. [*Giving them money.*]

3d Journeyman TAYLOR.

Heaven blefs your honour.

Monf. JORDAN.

Your honour! ho! ho! your honour. Stay my lad, your honour deserves something—Your honour is a word not to be forgotten—Here, my honour gives you that.

4th Journeyman TAYLOR.

May it please your honour's worship, we'll go and drink your lordship's health.

Monf. JORDAN.

Your lordship! stay, stay, stay, you must not go till I have given you something more. [*Aside.*] Your lordship! Icod, if they should come to your highness, they will not leave me a farthing in my purse. Hold! take that for your lordship.

All the Journeymen TAYLORS.

Heaven blefs your honour; heaven blefs our noble generous, lord and master.

Monf. JORDAN.

I'faith he has done well, he would have got all my money from me else.

[*Exit Monsieur Jordan.*]

[*The journeymen Taylors form a dance, to express their joy for Monsieur Jordan's bounty, which concludes the Second Act.*]

ACT

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter Monf. JORDAN, *followed by two* Footmen.

Monf. JORDAN.

FOLLOW me, while I go and shew my new cloaths about town ; and be sure both of you to follow close at my heels, that people may know you belong to me.

FOOTMEN.

Yes, sir.

Monf. JORDAN.

Call Nicolina to me, I want to give her some orders. Stay, here she comes.

SCENE II.

Enter NICOLINA.

Monf. JORDAN.

Nicolina.

NICOLINA.

Anon.

Monf. JORDAN.

Come hither.

NICOLINA. [*Looking at monsieur Jordan and laughing.*]

Ha! ha! ha!

Monf. JORDAN.

What d'ye laugh at?

NICOLINA.

Ha! ha! ha! ha! ha!

Monf.

Monf. JORDAN.

What is the matter with the jade?

NICOLINA.

Ha! ha! ha! how you are bedizen'd! Ha!
ha! ha!

Monf. JORDAN.

Why, what? —

NICOLINA.

Ha! ha! ha!—Oh! my God! I shall burst!
ha! ha! ha!

Monf. JORDAN.

Was there ever such a baggage! Are you making a jest of me, huffy?

NICOLINA.

Indeed, no, sir—I should be very sorry to do any such thing—but—ha! ha! ha! ha! ha!

Monf. JORDAN.

I shall cram my fist down that impudent throat of your's, if you laugh any more.

NICOLINA.

Sir, I cannot help it for the life of me. Ha! ha! ha! ha!

Monf. JORDAN.

You will not have done?

NICOLINA.

Sir, I ask your pardon; but you are such a figure that I cannot forbear laughing. Ha! ha! ha!

Monf. JORDAN.

Was ever such impudence seen?

NICOLINA.

You do really look so comical. Ha! ha! ha!

M. JORDAN.

I shall——

I

NICOLINA;

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N I C O L I N A.

I beg you will excuse me; but—ha! ha! ha!

Monf. J O R D A N.

Heark'e; if you laugh the least in the world, I swear I will give you the heartiest box on the ear you ever had in your life.

N I C O L I N A.

Well, fir——umph——I have done—I will not laugh any more.

Monf. J O R D A N.

Take care you do not—I would have you go presently and clean——

N I C O L I N A.

Ha! ha! ha!

Monf. J O R D A N.

I say you must clean the great room, and——

N I C O L I N A.

Ha! ha! ha!

Monf. J O R D A N.

Again!

N I C O L I N A. [*Laughs till she falls down upon the stage.*]

Oh! oh! oh! stay, fir, stay; beat me to a mummy, so you do but let me have my laugh out. Ha! ha! ha!

Monf. J O R D A N.

I shall go mad.

N I C O L I N A.

For God's sake, fir, let me laugh. Ha! ha! ha!

Monf. J O R D A N.

If I once——

N I C O L I N A.

Oh! I shall burst—oh—if I don't laugh. Ha! ha! ha!

Monf.

Monf. JORDAN.

Why, was there ever such an insolent baggage? When I send for her to give her my orders, instead of hearing what I have to say, she laughs in my face.

NICOLINA.

Well, sir—there—now what would you have me to do?

Monf. JORDAN.

Why, to see that the great room is got ready for the company who are to dine here to-day.

NICOLINA. [*Jumping up on her feet.*]

Oh! faith, you have cured my laughing now with a witness; for all your companies make such a disorder in the house, that the word company is enough to put me in an ill humour for a week.

Monf. JORDAN.

I suppose I am to shut my doors against every body to please you?

NICOLINA.

There are some people you ought to shut them against, I am sure.

S C E N E III.

Enter Madam JORDAN.

Mad. JORDAN.

So, here's a new piece of folly! My God! husband, what is the meaning you are equipped in this manner? Have you a mind to make yourself a laughing-stock to all the world, that you trap yourself out thus?

Monf. JORDAN.

None but fools, wife, will laugh at me.

Mad. JORDAN.

Nay, the laugh is not to begin now; your new-

fangled manners have long been the jest of the town.

Monf. JORDAN.

And pray who is this town, if you please?

Mad. JORDAN.

Why every one that has any reason in them, and are not as great fools as yourself. For my part, I am quite ashamed of the life you lead; I hardly know my own house again. One would think there was a continual masquerade in it; and as soon as day peeps, there's a crowd of fiddlers and dancers that make a noise, enough to raise the whole neighbourhood.

NICOLINA.

Troth, my mistress is in the right. There's no keeping any one thing in its place for the gang you bring here. I'my conscience, I believe they pick up all the dirt about town to bring it hither. I am sure the poor housemaid is jaded almost off her legs, with scrubbing the floor every day after your filthy masters.

Monf. JORDAN.

Your maid is very nimble-tongued, methinks, for a country wench.

Mad. JORDAN.

Nicolina has more sense than you. I should be glad to know what business you have with a dancing-master at your years?

NICOLINA.

Yes, and a great lubberly fencing-master too, that comes stamping and bouncing, and shaking the house almost down; I am sure he has broke us half a dozen boards already.

Monf. JORDAN.

Peace, both of you!

Mad.

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Mad. JORDAN.

Do you want to learn to dance, that you may go capering to your grave?

NICOLINA.

Or have you a spight against one, that you must learn how to run folks thro'?

Monf. JORDAN.

Hold your tongues, I say, once more; you are two ignorant creatures, that know nothing of the privileges arising from these matters.

Mad. JORDAN.

You had better think of getting a husband for your daughter, who is of an age now to be settled in the world.

Monf. JORDAN.

Time enough for that, when an offer happens; but in the mean while I shall endeavour to improve myself in the polite qualifications.

NICOLINA.

Lord! madam, do you know that to compleat his sett, he has hired a master of flosophy this morning.

Monf. JORDAN.

Very well! and what then? I have a mind to learn wit, and know how to reason upon things like other people of fashion.

Mad. JORDAN.

I hope we shall see you go one of these days like a great lubberly schoolboy, with a satchel at your back, trudging to school to be flogged at your years.

Monf. JORDAN.

And why not? I should be glad to be flogged in the market-place this very minute, if I did but know all that is taught at those schools.

N I C O L I N A.

And much the better you would be for it!

Monf. J O R D A N.

Doubtless I should.

Mad. J O R D A N.

All this is of great service to the management of a family, is it not?

Monf. J O R D A N.

Most certainly. Look you, wife, and you mrs. pert! you both of you talk like fools, and I blush for your ignorance. [To Mad. Jordan.] Pray now, for example, can you tell me what we are speaking at this time?

Mad. J O R D A N.

Yes, I know that what I speak is nothing but the truth; and that you ought to alter your way of proceeding.

Monf. J O R D A N.

I am not talking of that. I ask you what the words are you have just uttered?

Mad. J O R D A N.

The words are sensible words, and your conduct is quite the contrary.

Monf. J O R D A N.

Odibud! I am not talking of that, I tell you once more: I ask you what that is which I am now speaking to you, which I now discourse in?

Mad. J O R D A N.

Nonsense.

Monf. J O R D A N.

No; 'tis not that neither. I mean what we are saying to each other; the language we are now speaking, what is it?

Mad. J O R D A N.

What?

Monf.

Monf. JORDAN.

What d'ye call it, I say?

Mad. JORDAN.

Call it? Why call it what you please.

Monf. JORDAN.

It is prose, ignorance! prose!

Mad. JORDAN.

Prose?

Monf. JORDAN.

Yes, prose. Whatever is not prose is verse; and whatever is not verse is prose.—There now! this I learnt by studying. [*To Nicolina.*] Heark'e, do you know what you must do to form an U.

NICOLINA.

Anon?

Monf. JORDAN.

I say what do you do when you form an U?

NICOLINA.

Ha?

Monf. JORDAN.

Pronounce U only

NICOLINA.

Well. U.

Monf. JORDAN.

What do you do now?

NICOLINA.

Do? Why I say U.

Monf. JORDAN.

Yes, but when you say U, what do you do?

NICOLINA.

Why I do what you bid me.

Monf. JORDAN.

What a plague it is to have to do with fools and ignorant people! Why, beast! you thrust your

lips outwards, and separate the upper jaw a little from the lower. U.

N I C O L I N A.

Vastly pretty, that!

Mad. J O R D A N.

Oh! it is quite admirable!

Monf. J O R D A N.

But what would you have said if you had seen C and D, and DA, and FA, FA?

Mad. J O R D A N.

What is all this stuff?

N I C O L I N A.

Yes, pray what sore is this a salve for?

Monf. J O R D A N.

Zounds! these women will drive me mad with their ignorance.

Mad. J O R D A N.

For shame! you ought to send all these fellows about their business, with their gibberish and nonsense.

N I C O L I N A.

Especially that great scarecrow of a fencing master, that fills the whole house with dirt from top to bottom.

Monf. J O R D A N.

Methinks this fencing master sticks violently at your stomach, mrs. Nicolina; I'll shew you your ignorance and folly in a moment. Bring a pair of foils. [*A servant brings a pair of foils, Monf. Jordan gives one to Nicolina.*] There, take one. Reason demonstrative. Line of the body. When you push in quarte, you need only do so; and when you push in tierce, so—Now this is the way never to be killed; and is it not a fine thing, do you think, to be sure of one's mark when one fights with

with an enemy? There now, push at me—Push at me only to see how it is.

N I C O L I N A.

Well, and how then? [*Nicolina gives Monf Jordan two or three hard thrusts.*]

Monf. J O R D A N.

Gently! gently! zounds, gently! the devil confound the wench!

N I C O L I N A.

Why, you told me to push.

Monf. J O R D A N.

Yes, but you push in tierce before you pushed in quarte; and did not give me time to parry.

Mad. J O R D A N.

Oh! husband! husband! thy poor brain's turn'd with these idle notions; and this has all happened since you took it into your head to keep company with people of fashion, as you call them.

Monf. J O R D A N.

In keeping such company, good wife, I shew my sense and judgment; and it is much better than herding with your cits, I think.

Mad. J O R D A N.

Marry, come up! there is a great deal to be got by dangleing about with your nobility, indeed; you have made a fine kettle of fish of it, I think, with that flaunting count you are so bewitch'd to.

Monf. J O R D A N.

Silence, and think of what you say. Do you know, wife of mine, whom you speak of, when you talk of the count? A nobleman in credit at court, is a person of greater importance than you imagine. Why, woman, he can speak to the king as free as I can speak to you: and does it not do me great credit to see a person of his quality come

so frequently to visit me, and call me his dear friend, and treat me as if I was his equal? Oh!! you cannot think how kind he is; and he loads me with such civility before company, that it absolutely puts me out of countenance.

Mad. JORDAN.

Yes, he is very kind to you, truly! and makes very much of you; but it is only to borrow your money.

Monf. JORDAN.

Well, and is it not doing me an honour still, that a person of his quality will condescend to borrow money of me? and can I do less than open my purse to a nobleman who calls me his dear friend?

Mad. JORDAN.

And pray what does this same nobleman do for you?

Monf. JORDAN.

Why, things that would surprize you, if you knew them all.

Mad. JORDAN.

And what are they?

Monf. JORDAN.

No, hold there, wife; I shall not let the cat out of the bag, neither. It is sufficient that if I have lent him money, he will pay it me all again very soon.

Mad. JORDAN.

Yes, I would have you trust to that!

Monf. JORDAN.

To be sure I shall. Why has he not told me he would?

Mad. JORDAN.

I dare say he has; and he'll take special care to forget what he has said.

Monf.

Monf. JORDAN.

Why, he has sworn it to me upon the honour of a gentleman.

Mad. JORDAN.

Psha! a fig's-end.

Monf. JORDAN.

Lord, how headstrong you are, wife! I tell you he will be as good as his word, I am sure he will.

Mad. JORDAN.

And I am sure he will not; and all the great kindness he shews you, is only to make a dupe of you.

Monf. JORDAN.

Oddsbud! hold your tongue, I hear him coming up stairs.

Mad. JORDAN.

Yes, he is coming, I suppose, to do you the honour of borrowing a little more money of you; and the sight of him is enough to give me a dinner.

Monf. JORDAN.

Hold your tongue, I say, here he comes.

S C E N E IV.

Enter DORANTES.

DORANTES.

My dear friend, monf. Jordan, how are you?

Monf. JORDAN.

Very much at your lordship's service, good my lord.

DORANTES.

And madam Jordan, how does she do?

Mad. JORDAN.

Why madam Jordan does as well as she can, neither better nor worse.

DORANTES.

DORANTES.

Why, mr. Jordan, you are quite a-la-mode, very genteely drest, indeed.

Monf. JORDAN.

As you see, my lord.

DORANTES.

Why you have quite the quality air, I declare; I do not know a young fellow about court looks better than yourself.

Monf. JORDAN.

He! he! he! your lordship is pleased to compliment me.

Mad. JORDAN. [*Aside.*]

Yes, he's the same fool behind as before.

DORANTES.

Faith, mr. Jordan, I have been very impatient to see you; you are the only person in the world for whom I have the greatest esteem; and I was speaking of you but this very morning at the king's levee.

Monf. JORDAN.

Your lordship does me abundance of honour. [*Aside to Madam Jordan*] Do you mind that, wife? speaking of me at the king's levee!

DORANTES.

Be covered, I beseech you.

Monf. JORDAN.

No, my lord, I know the respect due to your lordship better than that.

DORANTES.

Zounds! be covered, I tell you; no ceremony between us I desire you.

Monf. JORDAN.

My lord——

DORANTES.

DORANTES.

Come, come, you are my friend.

Monf. JORDAN.

I am your lordship's humble servant.

DORANTES.

I'll not put my hat on till I see you covered ; I will not upon my soul.

Monf. JORDAN. [*Puts on his hat.*]

I had rather be uncivil than troublesome.

DORANTES.

I am your debtor, mr. Jordan, you know.

Mad. JORDAN. [*Aside.*]

Yes, faith, we know it but too well.

DORANTES.

You have generously lent me money upon several occasions, and have obliged me with the best grace in the world, that's certain.

Monf. JORDAN.

Oh ! my lord ! you are merry.

DORANTES.

But I always know how to acknowledge favours.

Monf. JORDAN.

I do not in the least doubt it.

DORANTES.

I want to settle accounts with you, monf. Jordan, and I am come for that purpose.

Monf. JORDAN. [*Aside to Mad. Jordan.*]

Now, wife, you see your impertinence.

DORANTES.

It is a rule with me, to pay every one as soon as possible.

Monf. JORDAN. [*Aside to Mad. Jordan.*]

Did not I tell you so ?

DORANTES.

DORANTES.

Pray how much do I owe you?

Monf. JORDAN. [*Aside to Mad. Jordan.*]

Now what are come of your ridiculous scruples?

DORANTES.

Do you remember all the sums you have lent me at times?

Monf. JORDAN.

I believe so, my lord. I have taken a little memorandum of them—Here it is. At one time an hundred pounds.

DORANTES.

Right.

Monf. JORDAN.

At another an hundred and twenty.

DORANTES.

Perfectly just.

Monf. JORDAN.

At another an hundred and forty.

DORANTES.

True.

Monf. JORDAN.

These three articles make in all four hundred and sixty pounds.

DORANTES.

Your reckoning is very exact—four hundred and sixty pounds to a single guinea.

Monf. JORDAN.

Paid to your feather-men three hundred pounds.

DORANTES.

Just.

Monf. JORDAN.

To your taylor three hundred.

DORANTES.

True.

Monf.

Monf. JORDAN.

To your merchant four hundred and fifty.

DORANTES.

Very well, 'tis right.

Monf. JORDAN.

And twenty to your fadler.

DORANTES.

Exactly—What's the total.

Monf. JORDAN.

One thousand five hundred and thirty pounds
just.

DORANTES.

'Tis all right; and add to this three hundred
pounds that you are now going to lend me; it will
make exactly eighteen hundred pounds, which I
will pay you the very first opportunity.

Mad. JORDAN. [*Aside to Monf. Jordan.*]

Well, what think you of my suspicions now?

Monf. JORDAN.

Peace, peace.

DORANTES.

If it is not convenient to you, I'll apply some-
where else.

Monf. JORDAN.

By no means, my lord, by no means.

Mad. JORDAN. [*Aside to Monf. Jordan.*]

He'll never be easy till he has ruined you.

Monf. JORDAN.

Hold your tongue, I say!

DORANTES.

You have only to say the word, if it is not per-
fectly convenient.

Monf.

Monf. JORDAN.

Not in the least.

Mad. JORDAN. [*Aside to Monf. Jordan.*]
He's a true leech.

Monf. JORDAN. [*Aside to Mad. Jordan.*]
Will you be quiet?

Mad. JORDAN. [*Aside to Monf. Jordan.*]
He'll never quit his hold till he has empty'd your
purse.

Monf. JORDAN. [*Aside to Mad. Jordan.*]
What! still at it?

DORANTES.

I know a number of persons who would be very
glad of the opportunity to oblige me; but as you
are one of my best friends, I thought it would be
using you ill if I apply'd to any other person.

Monf. JORDAN.

My lord, you do me too much honour. I will
go directly and fetch what you want.

Mad. JORDAN. [*Aside to Monf. Jordan.*]
Why sure you are not going to give him this
money too?

Monf. JORDAN. [*Aside to Mad. Jordan.*]
What can I do? Would you have me refuse a
person of his rank? One who spoke of me this-
morning at the king's levee?

Mad. JORDAN. [*Aside to Monf. Jordan.*]
Go, thou art an arrant cully.
[*Exit Monf. Jordan.*]

S C E N E V.

DORANTES.

You seem melancholy, madam Jordan, what ails
you?

Mad.

Mad. JORDAN.

My head's bigger than my fist, unless it is swelled.

DORANTES.

Pray where is the young lady your daughter, that I have not the pleasure of seeing her?

Mad. JORDAN.

My daughter is very well where she is.

DORANTES.

I hope she is in good health.

Mad. JORDAN.

She is as she is.

DORANTES.

Will you not come one of these days and bring her with you to see the ball at court?

Mad. JORDAN.

Oh! yes, we have great reason to go to merry-makings upon my word.

DORANTES.

I believe, madam Jordan, you had a great number of admirers when you were young, being so handsome and sweet tempered as you certainly were then.

Mad. JORDAN.

Why pray, is madam Jordan decrepit? or does her head shake with the palsy yet?

DORANTES.

I ask ten thousand pardons, my dear madam Jordan, I did not consider you was yet in your bloom; but I am such a blundering blockhead, I often say one thing for another—Upon my soul I am quite ashamed of my impertinence, and I hope you'll excuse——

SCENE

S C E N E VI.

Re-enter Monsieur JORDAN.

Monf. JORDAN.

My lord, here is just three hundred pounds.

DORANTES.

My dear monsieur Jordan, I am entirely obliged to you, and long to do you some service at court.

Monf. JORDAN.

I am prodigiously obliged to your lordship.

DORANTES.

If madam Jordan too will favour us with her company to see the diversions at court, she shall have the best place in the drawing-room.

Mad. JORDAN.

Madam Jordan is your humble servant.

DORANTES. [*Aside to Monf. Jordan.*]

Our lovely marchioness, as I told you in my letter, will be here presently to honour your musical entertainment; and I have, with much ado, made her consent to accept of the treat you have prepared for her.

Monf. JORDAN.

Let us draw a little aside, if you please, for reasons.

DORANTES.

I have not seen you this week, and have sent you no word of the diamond you gave me to present to her from you; but it was because I was at the greatest pains in the world to conquer her scrupulousness: and it was not till this very day that I could prevail on her to take it.

Monf. JORDAN.

How did she like it?

DORANTES.

DORANTES.

Exceedingly ; and I am much deceived, or that diamond will work wonders in your favour.

Monf. JORDAN.

Odfo ! I wifh it may.

Mad. JORDAN. [*To Nicolina afide.*]

When they get together, there's no parting them.

DORANTES.

I endeavoured to give her a proper idea of the richnefs of the prefent, and the greatnefs of your love.

Monf. JORDAN.

Ah ! my good lord, you overwhelm me with favours, and I am ready to die with confufion to fee a perfon of your quality condefcend to do what you do for me.

DORANTES.

Oh ! for heaven's fake no more of that ! Thefe are trifles among friends ! Why would not you be ready to do the fame thing for me upon occafion ?

Monf. JORDAN.

To be fure I would.

Mad. JORDAN. [*Afide to Nicolina.*]

I hate the fight of him !

DORANTES.

For my part, I flop at nothing to ferve a friend ; and when you revealed to me your paffion for the agreeable marchionefs, you know I immediately made you a proffer of my fervices with her, as being an acquaintance.

Monf. JORDAN.

Very true, indeed, very true. Oh ! fo many favours are too much for me.

Mad.

Mad. JORDAN.

Will he never be gone?

NICOLINA.

They are furiously fond of each other.

DORANTES.

Egad you fell upon the right way to touch her heart. Women are always fond of a man who lays out his money generously on them; and your frequent serenades, that noble firework on the water, the diamond you presented her with, and this banquet you are now preparing for her, speak much better to her in your favour, than any thing you could have said to her yourself.

Monf. JORDAN.

I should grudge no expence to gain her affection. A woman of quality is to me so charming, that I would purchase the honour of her good graces at any price.

Mad. JORDAN. [*To Nicolina.*]

What can they be talking of so long? Pr'ythee go and listen a little.

DORANTES.

You will soon have the pleasure of seeing and entertaining her without restraint.

Monf. JORDAN.

And for that purpose I must acquaint your lordship, that I have made an engagement for my wife to dine at her sister's to-day, where she will spend the whole afternoon.

DORANTES.

You have done very prudently; your wife's presence might have been troublesome to us. I have given all the necessary orders for the table and the entertainment. The ballet is of my own invention;

tion ; and if the execution answers my idea, I am positive——

[Here Monsieur Jordan perceiving that Nicolina is listening, gives her a box on the ear.]

Monf. JORDAN.

How now, mrs. pert ! you are very impudent, methinks—We will retire if your lordship pleases. †

[Exeunt Dorantes and Monsieur Jordan, followed by his two Footmen.]

S C E N E VII.

NICOLINA.

Faith, madam, I have paid for my curiosity ; but I believe I have discovered a snake in the grass ; for they talked about something, at which they would not have you present.

Mad. JORDAN.

This is not the first time, Nicolina, that I have suspected my husband's fidelity ; I am the most deceiv'd woman in the world, if there is not some love business on foot. I wish I could discover what it is ; but at present let us think of my daughter ; you know the love Cleontes has for her. He is a person I approve of, and am resolved to do all in my power to give him Lucilia.

NICOLINA.

Indeed, madam, I am rejoiced to find you in this mind ; for if you like the master, I'm no less pleased with the man ; and I wish, my young lady and I were to make but one wedding of it.

Mad. JORDAN.

Go, then, Nicolina, find him out, and tell him to come to me immediately, that we may go together and ask my husband's consent.

NICOLINA.

NICOLINA.

I'll run with joy, madam; and you could not have sent me on a more agreeable errand. I am sure, poor souls, it will rejoice them both.

[*Exit* Mad. Jordan.]

S C E N E VIII.

Enter CLEONTES *and* CEVIELLO.

NICOLINA.

Well met! well met! Rare tidings! I come——

CLEONTES.

Begone! nor think to amuse me with thy false speeches.

NICOLINA.

Is it thus you receive——

CLEONTES.

Away, I say! and tell thy faithless mistress, that she shall no longer abuse the too fond and credulous Cleontes.

NICOLINA.

Hey-day! what's in the wind now, tro? Pr'y-thee, Ceviello, dear lad, tell me the meaning of all this?

CEVIELLO.

Your dear lad! you Jezebel! Out of my sight, this moment, cockatrice! and rid me of your presence.

NICOLINA.

What, and you too——

CEVIELLO.

Vanish, I say! and never speak to me again while you live.

NICOLINA.

NICOLINA. [*Aside.*]

Why, what in the name of wonder has possessed them both? I have a fine story to tell my mistress, truly! [*Exit Nicolina.*]

S C E N E IX.

CLEONTES.

How! to use a lover in this manner! and a lover, the most faithful and passionate of his sex!

CEVIELLO.

Never were two faithful admirers so cruelly treated as we have been.

CLEONTES.

To love a woman with the most unfeigned tenderness; to love none but her; to think of nothing but her; to make her the sole object of all my cares, desires, and joys; to speak of none but her; to think of none but her; to dream of none but her; to live only in her; and to meet with this recompence for my ardour and sincerity! Oh, insufferable! After an absence of two tedious days; to me, as many ages! to meet her by chance; then, when my heart, transported at the sight, leap'd to my eyes, and lighted up my face with inexpressible joy; when I was flying to her with ecstasy; to behold the faithless creature turn away, and hastily pass by as if she did not see me!

CEVIELLO.

Ay; I may say just the same thing.

CLEONTES.

Oh, Lucilia! Lucilia! can thy perfidy be equalled?

CEVIELLO.

Can any thing come up to the treachery of that slut Nicolina?

CLEONTES.

CLEONTES.

After so many sacrifices ; so many sighs and
vows I have breathed to her charms !

CEVIELLO.

After such assiduity ; after so many cares and
services I have shewn for her in the kitchen !

CLEONTES,

So many tears as I have shed at her feet !

CEVIELLO.

So many buckets of water as I have drawn for
her at the well !

CLEONTES.

So much fervency as I have always shewn her ;
cherishing her more than myself !

CEVIELLO.

So much heat as I have borne, in turning the
spit in her stead !

CLEONTES.

She avoids me with contempt !

CEVIELLO.

She turns her nasty backside upon me !

CLEONTES.

Such an insult deserves the greatest punishment !

CEVIELLO.

Such impudence deserves a thousand cuffs on the
ear !

CLEONTES.

I charge thee, Ceviello, never mention her name
to me again !

CEVIELLO.

I, sir ? heaven forbid !

CLEONTES.

Do not attempt to excuse the actions of this
faithless woman.

CEVIELLO.

CEVIELLO.

Not I, truly.

CLEONTES.

Do not, I say ; any endeavours to plead for her will be in vain.

CEVIELLO.

Lord help us ! who is thinking of any such thing ?

CLEONTES.

I am resolved to foster my just resentment against her, and part with her for ever.

CEVIELLO.

Oh ! you have my consent, I assure you.

CLEONTES.

The frippery count, that pays his visits to her, has, I suppose, dazzled her eyes ; and I perceive that his quality has made an impression on her fickle mind. But my honour requires me to prevent her infidelity being made public. I will make as sudden a change as herself ; and not leave her the whole glory of having cast me off.

CEVIELLO.

Excellently well said ! and, for my part, I heartily subscribe to every thing you have said, so far as relates to my own affairs.

CLEONTES.

Assist me, Ceviello, in my revenge ; and help to support my resolution against the remains of love that may yet plead for her in my heart. I desire you will set her every fault before my eyes, and describe her person in the most disagreeable lights ; such as may make me despise her.

CEVIELLO.

She, sir ! a fine piece indeed to inspire so much love ! I see nothing in her but what is mean and

paltry ; and you may find an hundred more worthy of you. In the first place, she has pig's eyes.

CLEONTES.

It is true, her eyes are but small ; but then they are full of fire ; the most sparkling, piercing, touching, that ever——

CEVIELLO.

And then she has a hideous wide mouth !

CLEONTES.

But where will you find such charms in any other mouth, as are in her's ? O ! that mouth is the most attracting ! the most inspiring ! lovely——

CEVIELLO.

She is not tall ?

CLEONTES.

No ; but she is easy and well-shaped.

CEVIELLO.

She affects a negligence in her speech and actions.

CLEONTES.

May be so ; but, then, she does it so gracefully ! and her manners are so engaging ! Oh ! she has a secret charm to reach the heart !

CEVIELLO.

She's not overstocked with wit.

CLEONTES.

Oh, Ceviello ! she has the most delicate, most refined taste !

CEVIELLO.

And her conversation——

CLEONTES.

Is full of charms.

CEVIELLO.

CEVIELLO.

She is always so gloomy !

CLEONTES.

Would you have her continually giggling ? Is any thing more impertinent than a perpetual laughter ?

CEVIELLO.

But, then, she is more capricious than any one I know.

CLEONTES.

Yes ; she is capricious ; she is capricious, Ceviello : there I agree with you. But every thing becomes a lovely woman. We permit every thing in a beautiful woman.

CEVIELLO.

Well, well, I see how it goes ; you have still an inclination to love her.

CLEONTES.

I ? I would sooner suffer death ! and I am ready to hate her as much as ever I loved her.

CEVIELLO.

How can that be, when you think her so perfect ?

CLEONTES.

That will shew my revenge the more. In that, I shall discover the force of my heart to hate her, to abandon her, all lovely as I think her. But, here she comes.

S C E N E X.

Enter LUCILIA *and* NICOLINA.

NICOLINA.

For my part, madam, I am quite ashamed of their behaviour.

LUCILIA.

It can proceed from nothing but what I told you, Nicolina ; but, here he is.

CLEONTES. [*To Ceviello.*]

I will not so much as speak her.

CEVIELLO.

I will follow your example.

LUCILIA.

Cleontes, what ails you ?

NICOLINA.

What's the matter with you, Ceviello ?

LUCILIA.

What is the reason of this uneasiness ?

NICOLINA.

What makes you thus ill humoured ?

LUCILIA.

Have you lost your speech, Cleontes ?

NICOLINA.

Are you dumb, Ceviello ?

CLEONTES.

Was ever such baseness ?

CEVIELLO.

Ah ! such a Judas in petticoats.

LUCILIA.

I plainly perceive you are angry at what passed when we met just now.

CLEONTES. [*To Ceviello.*]

You see she is sensible of what she has done.

NICOLINA.

I suppose you are in a pet at the reception you met with this morning.

CEVIELLO.

CEVIELLO. [*To Cleantes.*]

They know where the shoe pinches.

LUCILIA.

Tell me, Cleantes, is not that the reason of your being angry?

CLEANTES.

Yes, false one, it is! since you will oblige me to speak: and I must tell you, that you shall not enjoy your triumph, as you think; nor exult in your infidelity. I am resolved to be the first to break off all connections between us, and not give you the advantage of dismissing me. I must confess, I shall not be able, without some pain, to conquer my love: it will occasion me some uneasy moments I shall suffer for a time; but I shall, at length, get the better of my foolish passion; and will sooner pierce my heart than have the weakness to return to you.

CEVIELLO. [*To Nicolina.*]

Like master, like man.

LUCILIA.

What a to do is here about nothing! I am come to acquaint you, Cleantes, with the reason of my avoiding you this morning.

CLEANTES. [*Turning from her.*]

No, I will hear nothing you have to say.

NICOLINA. [*To Ceviello.*]

I'll tell you what made us leave you so suddenly.

CEVIELLO. [*Turning from her in the same manner.*]

I'll hear nothing you have to say.

LUCILIA. [*Following Cleantes.*]

You must know, when I met you this morning—

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CLEONTES. [*Walking up and down the stage, with his back always to Lucilia.*]

I am deaf, I tell you.

NICOLINA. [*Following Ceviello, who does the same as his master.*]

Know, that——

CEVIELLO.

No, traitrefs !

LUCILIA.

Hear me.

CLEONTES.

No.

NICOLINA.

Let me tell you.

CEVIELLO.

No.

LUCILIA.

Cleontes !

CLEONTES.

Away !

NICOLINA.

Ceviello !

CEVIELLO.

March !

LUCILIA.

Pr'ythee stay, and——

CLEONTES.

Stuff !

NICOLINA.

Hear me.

CEVIELLO.

Fiddle faddle !

LUCILIA.

But for a moment !

CLEONTES.

Not I.

NICOLINA.

NICOLINA.

A little patience!

CEVIELLO.

Tol, lol, derol!

LUCILIA.

Two words only!

CLEONTES.

No; you have done it.

NICOLINA.

One word!

CEVIELLO.

No more talk!

LUCILIA.

Well, then! since you refuse to hear me, remain in your present way of thinking, and do as you please.

NICOLINA.

And, since you take it in this manner, you may do as you will for me.

CLEONTES. [*Turning towards Lucilia.*]

Well, then, let us know the meaning of this fine behaviour.

LUCILIA. [*Turning from Cleontes.*]

I do not think proper to say any thing more to you.

CEVIELLO.

Come, mistress, let us hear your story.

NICOLINA. [*Turning from him.*]

No, I shall not satisfy you.

CLEONTES. [*Following Lucilia, who avoids him.*]

Tell me——

LUCILIA. [*Walking from him.*]

No! I'll tell you nothing.

CEVIELLO. [*To Nicolina, who does the same as her mistress.*]

Inform me——

NICOLINA.

No; I shall inform you of nothing.

CLEONTES.

I beseech you!

LUCILIA.

No, I tell you!

CEVIELLO.

For charity's sake!

NICOLINA.

I have done with you.

CLEONTES.

Let me entreat you!

LUCILIA.

Leave me!

CEVIELLO.

I conjure thee!

NICOLINA.

Away with you!

CLEONTES.

Lucilia!

LUCILIA.

No.

CEVIELLO.

Nicolina!

NICOLINA.

Not I.

CLEONTES.

In the name of heaven!

LUCILIA.

I will not.

CEVIELLO.

Only speak to me!

NICOLINA.

NICOLINA.

I shall not.

CLEONTES.

Clear up my doubts.

LUCILIA.

No! I will not concern myself about you.

CEVIELLO.

Do, but make me easy!

NICOLINA.

I do not chuse it.

CLEONTES.

Well, then! since you are so indifferent about making me easy, or justifying yourself for the insult you have offered to my love; you behold me now, ungrateful woman! for the last time; and I will go far from your presence, and die with grief and love.

CEVIELLO.

And I will follow my master's example.

LUCILIA. [*To Cleontes, who is going.*]
Cleontes!

NICOLINA.

Ceviello!

CLEONTES. *Returning.*]

Well?

CEVIELLO.

What say you?

LUCILIA.

Whither are you going?

CLEONTES.

Where I have told you.

CEVIELLO.

We are going to kill ourselves.

LUCILIA.

Will you die then, Cleontes ?

CLEONTES.

Yes, cruel creature ! since you will have it so.

LUCILIA.

I have it so ? I wish you to die, Cleontes ?

CLEONTES.

Yes, you wish it. -

LUCILIA.

Who told you so ?

CLEONTES. [*Drawing nearer to Lucilia.*]

Is it not to wish it, to refuse satisfying my suspicions ?

LUCILIA.

Was it my fault ? If you would but have given me the hearing, you would have known, that the behaviour you complain so much of, was occasioned by the presence of an old aunt, who will not suffer me to speak to any male creature ; and thinks, that every man who comes near me has a bad design upon me. She is perpetually lecturing me on this head, and paints all your sex as devils, that every woman, who would maintain her virtue, ought to fly from.

NICOLINA. [*To Ceviello.*]

Now you have the secret of the whole matter !

CLEONTES.

Do you not impose on me, Lucilia ?

CEVIELLO. [*To Nicolina.*]

Is not this a sham ?

LUCILIA.

Cleontes, it is the real truth.

NICOLINA. [*To Ceviello.*]

It is as you have heard,

CEVIELLO.

CEVIELLO.

Well, sir, shall we yield?

CLEONTES.

Ah, Lucilia! how a word from that mouth can calm all the anger of my soul! and how easy do we believe every thing that is told us by those we love!

CEVIELLO.

Ay, ay; these bewitching devils can do just what they please with us!

S C E N E XI.

Enter Madam JORDAN.

Mad. JORDAN:

Cleontes, I am glad I have met with you! My husband is just coming; therefore, seize this opportunity to ask Lucilia of him in marriage.

CLEONTES.

Ah, madam! how does this goodness charm me! What more delightful command! what greater favour could you have conferred on me!

S C E N E XII.

Enter Monsieur JORDAN.

CLEONTES.

Sir, I was unwilling to employ any person to make you a request, which I have long meditated; the consequence is a sufficient motive for me to do it myself: and therefore, without any further preamble, give me leave to request the favour of you to receive me for your son-in-law.

Mons.

Monf. JORDAN.

Before I make you any answer, fir; pray, tell me if you are a gentleman?

CLEONTES.

Sir, few would hesitate to reply to such a question. Every one assumes that title, and custom has authorised the theft. As for me, I confess my sentiments upon that head are rather more delicate. I think it unworthy a man of honour to descend to an imposture; and that it is a baseness to disguise the condition in which it has pleased heaven we should be born; or to deck ourselves with borrowed titles, to dazzle the eyes of the world, and appear what we are not. I was born of parents who held honourable posts in the state; I have acquired some reputation by six years service in the army; and have a sufficient fortune to make a tolerable figure in the world: but, notwithstanding all this, I will not give myself a name, to which others, in my condition, would think they had sufficient pretensions. And I must tell you frankly, that I am no gentleman.

Monf. JORDAN.

Enough, fir; give me your hand.—My daughter is not for you.

CLEONTES.

How?

Monf. JORDAN.

You are no gentleman: you shall not have my daughter.

Mad. JORDAN.

What does the man mean with his gentlemen? Are we gentlesfolks, pray?

Monf. JORDAN.

Hold your tongue, wife.

Mad.

Mad. JORDAN.

Do we not both come of plain honest citizens?

Monf. JORDAN.

Psha! psha!

Mad. JORDAN.

And was not your father and mine both tradesmen?

Monf. JORDAN.

The devil's in the woman, she's always harping on that string. If your father was a tradesman, so much the worse for him; but as for mine, those that say he was so, knew nothing of him. All I have to say to you is, that I will have a gentleman for my son-in-law.

Mad. JORDAN.

Never tell me; your daughter should have a husband that is suitable to her; and she had better have an honest, agreeable wealthy man, than a poor ill-shaped beggarly gentleman.

NICOLINA.

Madam says nothing but what's true. There's the son of a gentleman in our village, who is the greatest booby I ever saw.

Monf. JORDAN.

Peace, impertinence! must you always be meddling? I have money enough to give my daughter; and I have only need of honour. I intend she shall be a marchioness.

Mad. JORDAN.

A marchioness?

Monf. JORDAN.

Yes, I tell you.

Mad. JORDAN.

Heaven's forbid.

Monf.

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Monf. JORDAN.

I am resolved upon it.

Mad. JORDAN.

But it is a thing I will never consent to. Alliances with superiors always occasion unhappiness. I'll never have a son-in-law that shall reproach my daughter with the meanness of her birth; nor shall she ever have children that will be ashamed to call me grandmother. If she should come to visit me, and happen to forget to salute any of the neighbourhood, every mouth would immediately be open to rail at her. Mind our new-fangled marchioness they would say, what a fine shew she makes! and yet she is only the daughter of honest master Jordan, and was glad to play at blindman's buff with us when she was little. Why, for all she carries her head so high, her two grandfathers got their mony by selling cloth, which perhaps they may have to answer for in the other world. Fair-dealing people do not make fortunes so easily i'faith!—No, no, I'll have none of this babbling about a daughter of mine—If she does marry, it shall be a man who will thank me for his wife, and to whom I can say, without ceremony, sit down, son-in-law, and dine with us.

Monf. JORDAN.

Go—these are sentiments fit only for mean souls, who are contented always to remain as they were. No more replies. My daughter shall be a marchioness in spite of the world; and if you put me in a passion, I'll make her a dutchess.

[Exit Monsieur Jordan.]

S C E N E XIII.

Mad. JORDAN.

Be not discouraged, Cleontes. Follow me, Lucilia,

cilia, to your father, and tell him resolutely that if you have not Cleontes you will have no-body.

[*Exeunt madam Jordan, Lucilia, and Nicolina.*]

S C E N E XIV.

CEVIELLO.

You have made a fine hand of it with your delicate sentiments.

CLEONTES.

What could I do? they are such as I cannot conquer.

CEVIELLO.

You was in the wrong to act reasonably with such a man as him. Do you not perceive he is a fool? Would it have cost you any thing to have humoured his whims?

CLEONTES.

You are in the right, Ceviello, but I really did not think there was any necessity to prove my being descended from a noble family, to be son-in-law to monsieur Jordan.

CEVIELLO.

Ha! ha! ha! ha!

CLEONTES.

What do you laugh at?

CEVIELLO.

At a thought that came into my head, how to put a trick upon our spark, and accomplish what you desire.

CLEONTES.

What is it?

CEVIELLO.

Oh! the notion is immensely comical.

CLEONTES.

Well, but how——

CEVIELLO.

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C E V I E L L O.

You shall know all, but let's be gone, here he comes again. [*Exeunt Cleontes and Ceviello.*]

S C E N E XV.

Enter Monsieur JORDAN.

Monf. JORDAN.

What the devil would the fools be at? they are for ever twitting me with my great lord, and my people of quality. Now, for my part, I think there is nothing like the company of men of quality; they are always so obliging, and so civil, and do me so much honour: egad, I'd give two of my fingers I had been born a count or a marquis.

S C E N E XVI.

Enter a FOOTMAN.

FOOTMAN.

Sir here is the count, and he has brought a fine lady in his hand.

Monf. JORDAN.

Odso! I've some orders to give; tell them I'll wait on them presently. [*Exit* Monsieur Jordan.]

S C E N E XVII.

Enter DORIMENA and DORANTES.

FOOTMAN.

My master says he will wait on you presently.

DORANTES.

Very well.

DORIMENA.

Dorantes, I have taken a strange step in suffering myself

myself to be brought to a house where I know nobody.

DORANTES.

What place, madam, can I fix on to entertain you in, to avoid the impertinent talk of the world; you do not approve either of my house or your own.

DORIMENA.

You do not consider that I am insensibly engaging myself every day to receive too great testimonies of your passion. In vain I endeavour to refuse these things; your persevering politeness brings me to consent to whatever you ask of me: I have from our first acquaintance opposed the treats and presents you have been perpetually heaping on me; but I find I can no longer answer for myself; and, in my conscience, I believe you will at last bring me to consent to matrimony, notwithstanding I am so averse to it.

DORANTES.

Permit me to say, madam, you ought to have embraced that state before; you are a widow, and mistress of yourself; I am my own master, and love you more than life. What has hindered you from completing my happiness before now?

DORIMENA.

Many perfections, Dorantes, are required to make the marriage state happy; and the most sensible couple in the world frequently find it difficult to form an union with which they are satisfy'd.

DORANTES.

There, madam, you mistake the matter, I think; and the experience you may have made of marriage is by no means a rule for others.

DORIMENA.

D O R I M E N A..

But I must return to the expence you are at on my account, which gives me much uneasiness for two reasons: first, because it lays me under obligations I would wish to avoid; and next, because I am sure it must be inconvenient to you, and I would not have it so.

D O R A N T E S.

Ah, madam! mention not such trifles!

D O R I M E N A..

I know what I say; and, amongst the rest, the diamond you lately forced upon me is of a value—

D O R A N T E S.

Let me entreat you, madam, not to set such a price upon a thing my love thinks so unworthy of you; but here's the master of the house.

S C E N E XVIII.

Enter Monsieur JORDAN.

Monf. JORDAN. [*After making two bows as he advances, finds himself too near Dorimena.*]

A little further, madam.

D O R I M E N A..

Sir?

Monf. JORDAN.

One step, if you please.

D O R I M E N A..

What can this mean?

Monf. JORDAN.

Fall backward a little to receive my third.

D O R A N T E S.

Madam, monsieur Jordan knows how to accost persons of fashion.

Monf.

Monf. JORDAN.

Madam, I look upon it as the greatest honour to be so fortunate, to be so happy, as to have the luck, that you should have the goodness to grant me the favour, to do me the honour, to honour me with the favour of your presence—And if I had merit enough to merit, a merit like your's; and if—my good stars—envious of my good—had granted me the advantage of seeing myself—worthy—of——

DORANTES.

Enough, monsieur Jordan, the lady does not love too many compliments; and she is sufficiently acquainted with your understanding. [*Aside to Dorimena.*] 'Tis a ridiculous cit, as you may see by all his actions.

DORIMENA.

Yes, yes, it is easy to perceive that.

DORANTES.

Madam, this gentleman is one of my best friends.

Monf. JORDAN.

Your lordship does me too much honour.

DORANTES.

He's quite a well-bred man.

DORIMENA.

I have a great esteem for him.

Monf. JORDAN.

I have not done any thing yet, madam, to deserve that favour.

DORANTES. [*Aside to Monsieur Jordan.*]

Take care you don't mention the diamond-ring you gave her.

Monf. JORDAN.

May I not ask her how she likes it?

DORANTES.

D O R A N T E S.

Not for the world; it would be excessively low and ill-bred; you must seem to know nothing of it. [*To Dorimena.*] Monsieur Jordan, madam, says he is ravished to see you at his house.

D O R I M E N A.

He does me a great deal of honour.

Monf. J O R D A N. [*To Dorantes aside.*]

How infinitely am I obliged to you, my dear sir, for speaking thus in my favour.

D O R A N T E S. [*Aside to Monsieur Jordan.*]

I had much ado to prevail on her to come.

Monf. J O R D A N. [*Aside to Dorantes.*]

I know not how I shall thank you.

D O R A N T E S. [*To Dorimena.*]

He says, madam, that he thinks you the most accomplished person in the world.

D O R I M E N A.

I am greatly obliged to the gentleman.

Monf. J O R D A N.

Madam, it is I who am obliged to you; and—

D O R A N T E S.

Come let us think of sitting down to table.

S C E N E XIX.

Enter a F O O T M A N.

F O O T M A N. [*To Monsieur Jordan.*]

Every thing is ready, sir.

D O R A N T E S.

Let us sit, then, and order the music to come in.

S C E N E

S C E N E XX.

[Six cooks, who have prepared the entertainment, dance together, after which they bring in a large table, furnished with a great number of elegant dishes.]

END of the THIRD ACT.

ACT

 ACT IV. SCENE I.

DORIMENA, Monf. JORDAN, DORANTES,
two men fingers, and one woman finger, footmen.

DORIMENA.

Upon my word, Dorantes, this is a magnificent entertainment.

Monf. JORDAN.

You are pleased to be merry, madam, I heartily wish it was more worthy your acceptance.

[Dorimena, Monf. Jordan, Dorantes, *and the fingers, sit down at the table*]

DORANTES.

Monf. Jordan is quite right, madam, in what he says; and he obliges me greatly in doing the honours of his house in so genteel a manner. I perfectly agree with him, that the entertainment is beneath your acceptance, as it was myself who ordered it; and I am not so great a connoisseur in these matters as some of my friends. You have not a very artful repast, and you'll find some contradictory delicacies, and well-tasted barbarisms. Had our friend Bellair lent his assistance, every thing would have been according to the nicest rules, and the quintessence of elegance; and he would not have failed to exaggerate all parts of the entertainment he gave you, and compelled you to own his great genius in the science of tid-bits. He would have talked to you of marchpanes
 crackling

crackling under your teeth ; of wine of a velvet sap, arm'd with a tartness not too poignant ; of a quarter of lamb strew'd with parsley ; of a white delicate loin of veal, that tastes like almond-paste ; partridges of a super-excellent flavour ; and, for his master-piece, a rich soup heightened by a turkey-pout, garnished with pigeons, and smothered in Portugal onions and succory. But, for my part, I confess my ignorance ; and, as monf. Jordan has justly observed, with the repast was more worthy of you.

DORIMENA.

All the answer I shall make to this compliment is to eat heartily.

Monf. JORDAN.

Ah, what fine hands are there !

DORIMENA.

The hands are but so, so, monf. Jordan ; but you speak of the diamond, I suppose, which is very fine.

Monf. JORDAN.

Dear madam ! I would not mention it for the world, it would be quite ill-bred.—The diamond is a mere trifle.

DORIMENA.

You have a very little stomach, monf. Jordan.

Monf. JORDAN.

You are too good to take notice of me, madam.

DORANTES. [*Making signs to Monf. Jordan.*]

Come, give some wine to monf. Jordan, and to these gentlemen, who will favour us with a song.

DORIMENA.

Music is an admirable seasoner to good cheer. I must own I was never more elegantly entertained.

Monf.

Monf. JORDAN.

Oh! madam, it is not ———

DORANTES.

Monf. Jordan, let us listen to these gentlemen, their music will be better than any thing we can say.

[Here a song by three voices.]

DORIMENA.

Extremely well sung, and the words are perfectly charming.

Monf. JORDAN.

He! he! he! I see something here, madam, that is much more charming.

DORIMENA.

As I live, monf. Jordan is a more gallant man than I thought he was.

DORANTES.

Bless me, madam! who did you take monf. Jordan for?

Monf. JORDAN.

I wish the lady would take me for what I would wish to stile myself.

DORIMENA.

Again!

DORANTES.

You don't know him, madam.

Monf. JORDAN.

But she shall know me, if she pleases; that she shall.

DORIMENA.

Come, come, we have had enough of this.

DORANTES.

Monf. Jordan, madam, has always a repartee ready. But you don't observe, that he eats all the pieces that you have touch'd.

DORIMENA.

D O R I M E N A.

I am really greatly taken with monf. Jordan.

Monf. J O R D A N.

Ah ! I wifh I could take your heart. I fhould
be —————

S C E N E II.

Enter Mad. J O R D A N.

Mad. J O R D A N.

So, fo, here's very good company I find ; and I plainly fee mine was not expected. So, monf. Jordan, was it for this you was in fuch a violent hurry to fend me to dine at my fifters ? there's open houfe below, I find ; and here, I think, we have a wedding feaft. This is the manner in which you fquander away your money, is it ? what ! you muft have your ladies too to regale when I am from home, with your balls and your concerts ; and poor I am to be fent out of the way ; mighty pretty doings indeed !

D O R A N T E S.

I do not underftand what you mean, madam Jordan ; why fure you are not in your right fenfes to talk of your husband's fquandring away his money ? Let me tell you, madam, this entertainment is not at monf. Jordan's expence ; it is I who give it, madam, with your favour ; and your husband has only been fo obliging as to lend me the ufe of his houfe. Therefore we defire you, madam, to confider things a little better before you fly out into fuch reflections.

Monf. J O R D A N.

Go ! you are a filly woman. His lordfhip gives his entertainment to her ladyfhip, who is a perfon
L of

of quality, with all respect be it spoken. He has done me the honour to make use of my house, and to admit me as one of his guests.

Mad. JORDAN.

Never tell me ! I know what I know.

DORANTES.

Really, madam Jordan, I wish you would make use of your spectacles; for, upon my honour, you are not very clear-sighted.

Mad. JORDAN.

I do not want spectacles, good my lord count, I can see clear enough without them. I am not such a fool, but I can see how things have been going for some time past; and I think it is very unbecoming a nobleman, like you, to assist in making such an idiot of my husband as you do; and as to you, madam, for a lady of quality, I must tell you, it is neither honest nor seemly in you to sow dissension in a family, and encourage my husband to make love to you.

DORIMENA.

Really, I do not understand the meaning of all this ! Dorantes, did you mean to make a jest of me, by bringing me here to be exposed to this ridiculous treatment ?

[Exit Dorimena.]

DORANTES.

For heav'n's sake, madam ! whither are you going ?

[Exit after her.]

Mons. JORDAN.

Dear, my lord, make my excuses to the lady, and persuade her to return, if possible.

S C E N E

S C E N E III.

Monf. J O R D A N.

So, mrs. impertinence! you have made a fine piece of work here with your extravagances, to come and affront me before company, and drive people of the first quality out of my house.

Mad. J O R D A N.

A fiddlestick for their quality!

Monf. J O R D A N.

Zounds, you devil! I don't know what hinders me from breaking your head, with the remains of the feast you have disturbed.

[The Footmen take away the table.]

Mad. J O R D A N.

Psha! I laugh at your threats. I only stand up for the rights of a wife, and I am sure of having all the married women on my side.

[Exit Mad. Jordan.]

S C E N E VI.

Monf. J O R D A N. *[Solus.]*

Egad, 'tis well you have escaped my fury. Odso! she came in a plaguy unlucky time; I was just in a humour to say the prettiest things in the world; — I never found myself half so witty in my life. — Hey-day! whom have we here?

S C E N E V.

Enter CEVIELLO disguised.

CEVIELLO.

Your servant, sir, I do not know whether I may have the honour to be known to you.

Monf. JORDAN.

Really, sir, I do not know you.

CEVIELLO.

Very likely; but I remember you ever since you was no higher than this.

Monf. JORDAN.

Remember me?

CEVIELLO.

Yes, you. You was the sweetest child in the world; and all the ladies used to quarrel, who should take you upon her knee, and kiss you.

Monf. JORDAN.

Kiss me?

CEVIELLO.

Even so. I was intimately acquainted with the worthy gentleman your father.

Monf. JORDAN.

With my father?

CEVIELLO.

Yes. Oh! he was a worthy gentleman.

Monf. JORDAN.

What do you say?

CEVIELLO.

I say, he was a very worthy gentleman.

Monf.

Monf. JORDAN.

My father.

CEVIELLO.

Yes.

Monf. JORDAN.

What, you knew him then?

CEVIELLO.

Undoubtedly.

Monf. JORDAN.

Well, this is an odd world, that's most certain.

CEVIELLO.

What do you mean?

Monf. JORDAN.

Why, some ridiculous people have taken it into their heads, that he was a tradesman.

CEVIELLO.

A tradesman! he a tradesman! oh, it's downright envy and slander. All the affair was, that being a very obliging, friendly, worthy, good-natured gentleman, and understanding cloth very well, he used to order a quantity home to his own house, and oblige his friends with it for money. A tradesman, indeed!

Monf. JORDAN.

I am extremely glad of your acquaintance, sir, because you may give the lye to these foolish people, by assuring them, that my father was a gentleman.

CEVIELLO.

I will maintain it in the face of all the world.

Monf. JORDAN.

You'll oblige me extremely. But pray, what brought you to me?

CEVIELLO.

Why, sir, after I was acquainted with your father, the most worthy, best-natured, polite, obliging gentleman in the world, I went upon my travels, and have been all over the globe.

Monf. JORDAN.

All over the globe?

CEVIELLO.

Yes.

Monf. JORDAN.

Lord! You must have travelled a confounded deal of ground.

CEVIELLO.

To be sure. I have returned from my long travels not above four days; and the interest I take in every-thing that relates to you, makes me wait on you to bring you the most agreeable news you can possibly receive.

Monf. JORDAN.

And what is that, pray?

CEVIELLO.

You know the grand seignor's son is just arrived?

Monf. JORDAN.

I? not I.

CEVIELLO.

How! why he is come with a most magnificent train; every creature is running to see him; and he has been received with all the honours due to a person of his importance.

Monf. JORDAN.

May I die, if ever I heard a syllable of it.

CEVIELLO.

But what will give you the greatest pleasure is,
that

that I must tell you, he is in love with your daughter.

Monf. JORDAN.

Who? the grand seignor's son?

CEVIELLO.

Yes; and is desirous of being your son-in-law.

Monf. JORDAN.

My son-in-law? the grand seignor's son my son-in-law?

CEVIELLO.

Even so. As I have been to see him, and understand the language of his country perfectly well, we had a long conversation together; and, after the first salutation, he said to me, *Acciam croc soler onch alla moustaph gidelum amanahem warahini oussere carbulaß*; that is to say, have you ever seen a beautiful young creature, who is the daughter of one monsieur Jordan, a gentleman of this city?

Monf. JORDAN.

Did the grand seignor's son call me a gentleman?

CEVIELLO.

He did. When I told him, that I knew you perfectly well, and had seen your daughter, he replied; *marababa sahém!* that is, oh! I am smitten with love of her!

Monf. JORDAN.

Is *marababa sahém*, oh! I am smitten with love of her?

CEVIELLO.

It is.

Monf. JORDAN.

Egad, it's well you told me so; for I should never have thought that *marababa sahém* meant, I am in love with her. What a wonderful language the Turkish is!

C E V I E L L O.

More so than you imagine. Do you know what *caracacamouchen* means?

Mons. J O R D A N.

Caracacamouchen? no.

C E V I E L L O.

It means my dear life!

Mons. J O R D A N.

Does *caracacamouchen* mean my dear life?

C E V I E L L O.

Yes.

Mons. J O R D A N.

How wonderful! *caracacamouchen*, my dear life. I am perfectly confounded; who would ever have thought it?

C E V I E L L O.

But to come to the point, and fulfil my embassy. This great prince is come hither purposely to ask your daughter in marriage, and to have a person for his father-in-law, whom he thinks worthy of him. He designs to make you a *mamamouchi*, which is a certain great rank in his country.

Mons. J O R D A N.

A *mamamouchi*? me a *mamamouchi*?

C E V I E L L O.

Yes, a *mamamouchi*; which in our language signifies a paladin; — now paladin, with the accents, — paladin, I say; — oh! there is nothing more noble in the world, and you may take place of the greatest lords upon earth.

Mons. J O R D A N.

The grand seignor's son does me an infinite deal of honour, and I beg you will bring him to my house, that I may return him my hearty thanks.

C E V I E L L O.

CEVIELLO.

Bring him ! why he is coming ; I expect him every moment.

Monf. JORDAN.

How ! is he coming ?

CEVIELLO.

Yes ; and brings with him all the necessary apparatus for the ceremony of your new dignity.

Monf. JORDAN.

Upon my word, he is very hasty.

CEVIELLO.

Oh, his love cannot suffer the least delay.

Monf. JORDAN.

The only thing that perplexes me in this affair is, that my daughter is a little headstrong, and has got one Cleontes in her mind, whom she has sworn to have, or no-body else.

CEVIELLO.

Oh, she'll alter her mind when she sees the grand feignor's son ; and it happens very luckily, though somewhat unaccountable, that he very much resembles this Cleontes you speak of. I have just been shewn him, so that I know, by this means, it will be no difficult matter to make her change her love for the one to the other. But I hear the prince coming.

S C E N E VI.

Enter CLEONTES, dress'd like a Turk, three pages carrying his vest.

CLEONTES.

Ambousabim oqui boraf, Giourdina, salamalaqui.

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CEVIELLO. [*To Monf. Jordan.*]

He fays; Monf. Jordan, may your heart be every year like a rofe-bush in bloffom. It is a polite way of faluting perfons in his country.

Monf. JORDAN.

I am his Turkish highnefs's moft humble fervant.

CEVIELLO. [*To Cleantes.*]

Carijar cambolo ouftin meraf.

CLEANTES.

Ouftin yoc catamallqui bafum bafe alla meran.

CEVIELLO.

He fays; may heaven give you the ftrength of the lion, with the prudence of the ferpent.

Monf. JORDAN.

His highnefs honours me too much, and I wifh him all fort of profperity.

CEVIELLO.

Offa binumin fadoc baballi oracaf ouram.

CLEANTES.

Bel-men.

CEVIELLO.

He fays, you muft go with him quickly, and prepare yourfelf for the ceremony, that he may afterwards fee your daughter, and conclude the marriage.

Monf. JORDAN.

So many things in two words?

CEVIELLO.

Yes; it is the nature of the Turkish language to fay a great deal in a few words. — Go quickly where he defires you.

[*Exeunt Monf. Jordan, Cleantes, and his train.*]

SCENE

S C E N E VII.

CEVIELLO. [*Solus.*]

Ha, ha, ha. Upon my soul it is highly comical. What an egregious dupe! had he studied his part, he could not have play'd it better. Ha, ha, ha.

S C E N E VIII.

Enter DORANTES.

CEVIELLO.

Oh, Sir, I must beg your assistance in an affair we have in hand.

DORANTES.

Ha! ha! ha! Why, who the devil could know you, Ceviello, thus equipt?

CEVIELLO.

Ha! ha! ha! you see how 'tis, ha! ha! ha!

DORANTES.

What dost laugh at?

CEVIELLO.

At something, sir, that richly deserves it.

DORANTES.

What is it?

CEVIELLO.

I'll give you a great many times, sir, to guess at the trick we have put upon mons. Jordan, to get his daughter for my master.

DORANTES.

I cannot guess at the trick; but I believe it will have the desired effect, since you have the direction of it.

CEVIELLO.

CEVIELLO.

I know you are sufficiently acquainted with the fool who is the subject of it.

DORANTES.

But tell me what it is.

CEVIELLO.

Come a little this way, if you please, to make room for what I see approaching. You may be spectator of part of the history, while I relate the rest to you.

S C E N E IX.

A Turkish ceremony used for ennobling the Cit is performed by dancing and music, and composes an interlude.

The Musti, four Dervises, six Turkish dancers, six Turkish musicians, and a number of players on instruments in the Turkish manner. Mons. Jordan dressed in a Turkish habit, with his head shaved, and without turban or sabre. The Musti addresses Mons. Jordan in the following words:

Se ti fabir,
Ti respondir.
Se non fabir,
Tazir tazir.
Mi star Musti.
Ti qui star ti.
Non intendir,
Tazir tazir.

If you can answer,
speak.

If not, hold your tongue.

I am the Musti.

Who are you?

If you don't understand,
hold your tongue.

[Two Dervises go off with Mons. Jordan.]

S C E N E

S C E N E X.

M U F T I.

Dice Turques qui star. Tell me, Turks, what
quiela, anabatista, ana- is he? an anabaptist?
batista?

T U R K S.

Joc. No.

M U F T I.

Zuinglula? A Zuinglian?

T U R K S.

Joc. No.

M U F T I.

Cossita? A Cossite?

T U R K S.

Joc. No.

M U F T I.

Hussita? Morita? Fro- A Hussite? a Morite?
nista? a Fronist?

T U R K S.

Joc, joc, joc. No, no, no.

M U F T I.

Joc, joc, joc, star pa- No! no! no! is he
gana? a pagan?

T U R K S.

Joc. No.

M U F T I.

Luterana? A Lutheran?

T U R K S.

Joc. No.

M U F T I.

Puritana? A Puritan?

TURKS;

TURKS.

Joc. No.

MUFTI.

Bramina? Mossina? A Bramin? a Mossine?
Zurina? a Zurine?

TURKS.

Joc, joc, joc. No, no, no.

MUFTI.

Joc! joc! joc! Ma- No! no! no! Is he a
hometana? Mahometa- Mahometan?
na?

TURKS.

Hi valla, hi valla. Ay, ay, ay.

MUFTI.

Como chiamera? co- What's his name?
mo chiamera?

TURKS.

Giourdina, Giourdi- Jourdain, Jourdain.
na.

MUFTI. [*Leaping, repeating the name.*]

Giourdina, Giourdina, Giourdina?

TURKS.

Giourdina, Giourdina, Giourdina.

MUFTI.

| | |
|------------------------|-------------------------|
| Mahometa per Giour- | Oh, Mahomet, I will |
| dina, | invoke thee day and |
| Mi pregar, sera a ma- | night in behalf of Jor- |
| tina, | dan, that thou wouldst |
| Voler far un paladina, | be pleased to make him |
| De Giourdina, Gi- | a paladin; for which |
| ourdina. | end we give him a |
| Dar turbanta e dar | turban and a sword, a |
| scarcina. | |

Con

Con galera, e brigan- galley and a brigan-
tina, tine, to defend the holy
Par diffender Palestina. land.

Mahometa par Giour-
dina.

Mi prejar fera e ma-
tina.

[To the Turks.]

Star bon Turca Gi- Will Jordan be a good
ourdina? Turk?

TURKS.

Hi valla, hi valla. Ay, ay.

MUFTI. [Dancing and singing.]

Ha la ba, ba la chou, ba la ba, ba la da.

TURKS.

Ha la ba, ba la chou, ba la ba, ba la da.

S C E N E XI.

Re-enter the Der-vises with Mons. Jordan, whom they make to kneel upon his hands and feet, so that his back serves as a kind of desk for the alcoran, which they place thereon; and the Musti, striking it forcibly, makes several invocations, crying, at the end of each, hau, hau; the Turks accompanying him.]

Mons. JORDAN *aside*. [Rising up, after the alcoran is taken off his back.]

Oh! I am tired and bruised almost to death.

MUFTI. [To Mons. Jordan.]

Ti non star furba? Be not a rogue.

TURKS.

Joc, joc, joc. No, no, no.

MUFTI.

Non star forfanta? Be not a thief.

TURKS.

TURKS.

Joc, joc, joc. No, no, no.

MUFTI. [*To the Turks.*]

Donar turbanta. Give him the turban.

TURKS.

Ti non star furba?

No, no, no.

Non star forfanta?

No, no, no.

Donar turbanta.

[*The Turks in dancing place the turban on Mons. Jordan's head.*]

MUFTI. [*Presenting him with the sabre.*]

Ti star nobile.

Be noble;

Non star fabbola.

and no coward.

Pigliar schiabbola.

Take the scabbard.

[*The Turks, giving him the sabre into his hand, repeat.*]

Ti star nobile, non star fabbola.

Pigliar schiabbola.

[*The Turks dance round Mons. Jordan, giving him several hard blows on his back with the flat end of their sabres.*]

MUFTI.

Dara, dara,

Give, give him,

Bastanata.

Blows in plenty.

[*Turks repeat the same; and dance again round Mons. Jordan, striking him as before.*]

MUFTI.

Non tener honta,

Be not ashamed.

Questa star l'ultima affronta.

This is the last affront.

The Musti begins a third invocation; the Dervises holding him under the arms with great respect. After which the Turks, singing and dancing to the sound of several instruments, retire with the Musti.

END of the FOURTH ACT.

ACT

ACT V. SCENE I.

Monf. *and* Mad. JORDAN *meeting.*

Mad. JORDAN.

OH, Lord have mercy upon me, what do I see! what a figure! are you turn'd mountebank or posture-master at your age? speak, and tell me what is the meaning of this? what are you bundled up for in this manner?

Monf. JORDAN.

The woman's a fool, to talk in this manner to a *mamamouchi*.

Mad. JORDAN.

A what?

Monf. JORDAN.

Learn more respect now, I desire you. I have just been made a mamamouchi.

Mad. JORDAN.

What do you mean by a mamamouchi?

Monf. JORDAN.

Mamamouchi; I tell you I am a mamamouchi.

Mad. JORDAN.

The man's mad!

Monf. JORDAN.

Mamamouchi, in our language, signifies paladin.

Mad. JORDAN.

Ballad-feller; a pretty occupation truly!

Monf.

Monf. JORDAN.

Oh, the ignorant creature ! I fay paladin. It is a dignity that has been lately conferr'd on me with great ceremony

Mad. JORDAN.

What ceremony, pray ?

Monf. JORDAN.

Mahometa por Giourdina.

Mad. JORDAN.

What does that mean ?

Monf. JORDAN.

Giourdina is Jourdain.

Mad. JORDAN.

Well ; and what of Jourdain ?

Monf. JORDAN.

Voler far un paladina di Giourdina.

Mad. JORDAN.

What ?

Monf. JORDAN.

Dar turbanta un galera.

Mad. JORDAN.

What would you be at ?

Monf. JORDAN.

Por deffender Palestina.

Mad. JORDAN.

Once more, I fay, what do you mean ?

Monf. JORDAN.

Dara dara bafanara.

Mad. JORDAN.

What is all this jargon ?

Monf. JORDAN.

Non tener honta quefta ftar l'ultima affronta.

Mad.

Mad. JORDAN.

Why, what in the name of wonder!

Monf. JORDAN. [*Capering, and crying.*]

Hau la ba, ba la chou, ba la ba, ba la la.

[*He falls down on his face.*]

Mad. JORDAN.

Mercy defend me! my poor husband is mad.

Monf. JORDAN. [*Rising.*]

Peace, impudence; and learn the respect due to the mamamouchi. [*Exit.*]

Mad. JORDAN.

How, in the name of goodness, has he lost his wits in this manner? I must run and hinder him from going out to expose himself, [*Seeing Dorimena and Dorantes, who are entering.*] So, here's our other plagues. I shall never see an end of my vexation, I think. [*Exit Mad. Jordan.*]

S C E N E II.

Enter DORANTES and DORIMENA.

DORANTES.

Yes, madam, I'll entertain you with the most comical sight you ever beheld; and I do not think the world can furnish such another master-piece of folly, as our cit here. We must likewise endeavour, madam, to serve Cleontes in his love, by helping him to carry on his farce. He is a young man of great merit, and deserves all we can do for him.

DORIMENA.

I really esteem him much, and think him deserving of a good fortune.

DORANTES.

Besides, madam, we have a musical entertainment,

ment, which is waiting for us, and which we ought not to lose. I want to see if my essay will succeed.

DORIMENA.

I have seen preparations for something very magnificent; and these are things, Dorantes, that I can no longer suffer, and to put a stop to your profusion, and cut short the enormous expences you daily run into upon my account, I am determined to marry you out of hand. This is the truth; and marriage will be the only means of terminating these extravagances.

DORANTES.

Ah, madam! is it possible you can have taken so generous and delightful a resolution in my behalf?

DORIMENA.

It is only to prevent your utter ruin; for, if I did not take this method with you, I believe in my conscience, you would soon not be worth a groat.

DORANTES.

How greatly am I obliged to you, madam, for the care you take of me and my fortune; both that and my heart are wholly at your disposal.

DORIMENA.

I will not make a bad use of my power. But here comes our man; — what a curious figure he is!

[S C E N E III.

Enter Monf. JORDAN.

DORANTES.

Sir, this lady and I are come to to pay the homage due to your new dignity, and heartily to

COR-

congratulate you on the marriage of your daughter with the grand seignor's son.

Monf. JORDAN. [*Saluting them in the Turkish manner.*]

Sir, I wish you the strength of the serpent, and the prudence of the lion.

DORIMENA.

I was desirous to be one of the first, sir, to felicitate you on the high degree of honour to which you are raised.

Monf. JORDAN.

Madam, may your rose-bush flower all the year. I am infinitely obliged to you for the part you seem to take in the honours which have been conferred on me; and I am rejoiced to see you returned again, that I may make some excuse for the ridiculous extravagance of my wife.

DORIMENA.

Oh, sir, it is not worth mentioning. I can readily excuse such little starts of passion. The possession of your heart must be precious to her, and the apprehension of losing the smallest part, may well occasion the most cruel alarms.

Monf. JORDAN.

The possession of my heart, madam, belongs wholly to you.

DORANTES.

You see, madam, that monf. Jordan is not one of those who are blinded with prosperity; in the midst of his greatness he still remembers his friends.

DORIMENA.

It shews great goodness and nobleness of soul.

DORANTES.

But where is his Turkish highness? as your friends, we should be glad to pay our dutiful respects to him.

Monf.

Monf. JORDAN.

Here he comes; and I have juſt ſent for my daughter to give her hand to him.

S C E N E IV.

Enter CLEONTES in his Turkiſh dreſs.

DORANTES. [*To Cleontes.*]

Sir, we come to ſalute your highneſs as friends of your father-in-law, and to aſſure you that we are you moſt reſpectful humble ſervant.

Monf. JORDAN.

Where is the interpreter, to tell him who you are, and to explain to him what you ſay? You will find he'll anſwer you, and he ſpeaks the Turkiſh language admirably. Within there! where the duce is he gone? [*To Cleontes.*] Strouf, ſtrif, ſtrof, ſtraf; this is one grande lorde, grande lordo; and this is one granda madama, granda madama. [*Perceives he is not underſtood.*] Sir he is a French mamamouchi, and ſhe's a French mamamouchia. Sblud! I cannot ſpeak any better. Oh! but here comes the interpreter.

S C E N E V.

Enter CEVIELLO, de grande as before.

Monf. JORDAN.

Where the devil have you been? there is no having any converſation without you. [*Pointing to Cleontes.*] Pray tell him that my lord and my lady here here are perſons of great quality, who are come to pay their reſpects to him as my friends. [*To Dorantes and Dorimena.*] Now you will hear how finely he anſwers.

CEVIELLO.

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CEVIELLO.

Alabala crociam acci teram alabomen.

CLEONTES.

Cataliqui tubal ourin foter amalouchan.

Monf. JORDAN. [*To Dorantes and Dorimena.*]
There ! I told you, did not I ?

CEVIELLO.

He says, he wishes that the dew of prosperity
may at all times water the garden of your family.

Monf. JORDAN.

I told you how finely he spoke the Turkish lan-
guage.

DORANTES.

Most wonderfully !

S C E N E VI.

Enter LUCILIA.

Monf. JORDAN.

Come hither, daughter, draw near and give
your hand to his Turkish highness, who has done
you the honour of asking you in marriage.

LUCILIA.

Dear, sir, what is the meaning of this odd garb ?
are you going to play a part in a farce ?

Monf. JORDAN.

No, no, it's no farce, it is a very serious affair ;
and what does you the greatest honour imaginable.
[*Pointing to Cleontes.*] This is the husband I am
going to give you.

LUCILIA.

To me, sir ?

Monf.

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Monf. JORDAN.

Yes, to you. Come, give your hand, and thank heaven for your good fortune.

LUCILIA.

I do not chuse to marry, fir.

Monf. JORDAN.

But I chuse you should, and I am your father, you know.

LUCILIA.

I cannot consent.

Monf. JORDAN.

No, talking! Come, I say, give your hand.

LUCILIA.

No, fir; I have already told you no power on earth shall ever oblige me to marry any other man but Cleontes: and I would sooner submit to the greatest extremities than——[*Here Cleontes looking earnestly at her, she knows him.*] But then, on the other hand, it is certain that as you are my father, I owe you an unlimited obedience; and you have an undoubted right to dispose of me according to your pleasure.

Monf. JORDAN.

Ah, I am overjoy'd to see you return so quickly to your duty, and to find I have so obedient a child.

S C E N E The Last.

Enter Madam JORDAN.

Mad. JORDAN.

What is this I hear, husband? They tell me you are going to marry your daughter to a mountebank.

Monf. JORDAN.

Will you hold your tongue, mrs. impertinence?

M

you

you always thrust yourself into every thing with your ridiculous extravagance ; there is no teaching you reason.

Mad. JORDAN.

It is you that cannot be taught reason, and are perpetually running from one folly to another ; what whim have you got in your head now ? And what is the meaning of all these people assembled at our house ?

Monf. JORDAN.

I am going to marry my daughter to the son of the grand seignor.

Mad. JORDAN.

To the son of the grand seignor ?

Monf. JORDAN.

Yes ; pray pay your respects to him, by his interpreter,

Mad. JORDAN.

I want no interpreter ; I'll tell him to his face he shall have no daughter of mine.

Monf. JORDAN.

Will you hold that confounded tongue of your's, once again ?

DORANTES.

Sure madam Jordan you will not oppose so great a happiness and good fortune as that which is now offered your daughter. Can you refuse the son of the grand seignor for a son-in-law ?

Mad. JORDAN.

Pray, good sir, meddle with your own business.

DORIMENA.

It is an honour that cannot be too much esteemed.

Mad. JORDAN.

Madam, I beg you will not trouble yourself with what does not concern you.

DORANTES.

DORANTES.

It is our friendship for you and your's, that makes us interest ourselves in this affair.

Mad. JORDAN.

Gramercy with your friendship!

DORANTES.

Your daughter is all obedience to the will of her father.

Mad. JORDAN.

My daughter? Does she consent to marry a Turk?

DORANTES.

Most certainly.

Mad. JORDAN.

And can she forget Cleontes?

DORIMENA.

What would one not do to become a princess?

Mad. JORDAN.

I'll princess her! I'll tear her eyes out if she plays any such tricks.

Monf. JORDAN.

What a babbling is here! I tell you she shall marry him.

Mad. JORDAN.

And I say she shall not.

Monf. JORDAN.

Peace, I say!

LUCILIA.

Dear mother——

Mad. JORDAN.

Go! you are a jade.

Monf. JORDAN.

How! Are you angry with her for obeying me?

Mad. JORDAN.

She ought to obey me as well as you.

CEVIELLO. [*To Mad. Jordan.*]

Madam.

Mad. JORDAN.

Well! what have you to say?

CEVIELLO.

Hear me only a word.

Mad. JORDAN.

I have nothing to do with you nor your words either.

CEVIELLO. [*To Monf. Jordan.*]

If madam Jordan, fir, will but hear me one word in private, I'll engage to make her consent to your pleasure.

Mad. JORDAN.

Not I, I'll never consent to it.

CEVIELLO.

Only hear me.

Mad. JORDAN.

No.

Monf. JORDAN.

Hear him, only hear him.

Mad. JORDAN.

No.

Monf. JORDAN.

I tell you——

Mad. JORDAN.

Not a syllable.

Monf. JORDAN.

What an obstinate woman it is! Zounds! what harm can it do you to hear him?

CEVIELLO.

Do but hear me; you may do your pleasure afterwards.

Mad.

Mad. JORDAN.

Well, what have you to say?

CEVIELLO. [*To Mad. Jordan Aside.*]

We have been making signs to you this hour. Cannot you perceive that all this is done purely to humour your husband's folly, whom we have imposed upon under this disguise? and that the pretended grand seignor's son, is no other than Cleantes himself?

Mad. JORDAN.

Ah, ha! is it so?

CEVIELLO.

And I, Ceviello, am the interpreter.

Mad. JORDAN.

Nay, then, I give my consent.

CEVIELLO.

Do not seem to know any thing of the matter!

Mad. JORDAN. [*Aloud.*]

Well, then, my scruples are conquered, and I consent to the match.

Monf. JORDAN.

Bravo! every one is reasonable at length. [*To Mad. Jordan.*] You would not hear him! I knew he would explain to you who the grand seignor's son was.

Mad. JORDAN.

Yes, yes; he has cleared up the matter; and I am satisfy'd; send for a lawyer.

DORANTES.

This is as it should be: and, madam Jordan, to make you perfectly contented, and to efface from your mind any jealousy which you may have conceived of your husband, this lady and I will make use of the same lawyer for our marriage.

Mad.

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Mad. JORDAN.

I consent to that too.

Monf. JORDAN. [*Aside to Dorantes.*]

"You only tell her this to make her easy, I suppose?"

DORANTES.

Nothing else in the world.

Monf. JORDAN.

Good.—[*Aloud.*] Let somebody go for a lawyer, quickly.

DORANTES.

While he is drawing up the writings, let us see our ball, and divert his Turkish highness with it.

Monf. JORDAN.

Well thought on!—Come, let us take our seats.

Mad. JORDAN.

But cannot we do something for poor Nicolina?

Monf. JORDAN.

I'll give her to the interpreter;—and my wife to whoever will have her.

CEVIELLO.

Sir, I return you many thanks.—[*Aside.*] Egad, if there's a greater fool in nature, I'll go to Rome and acquaint the pope with it!

END of the FIFTH VOLUME.

C O N T E N T S

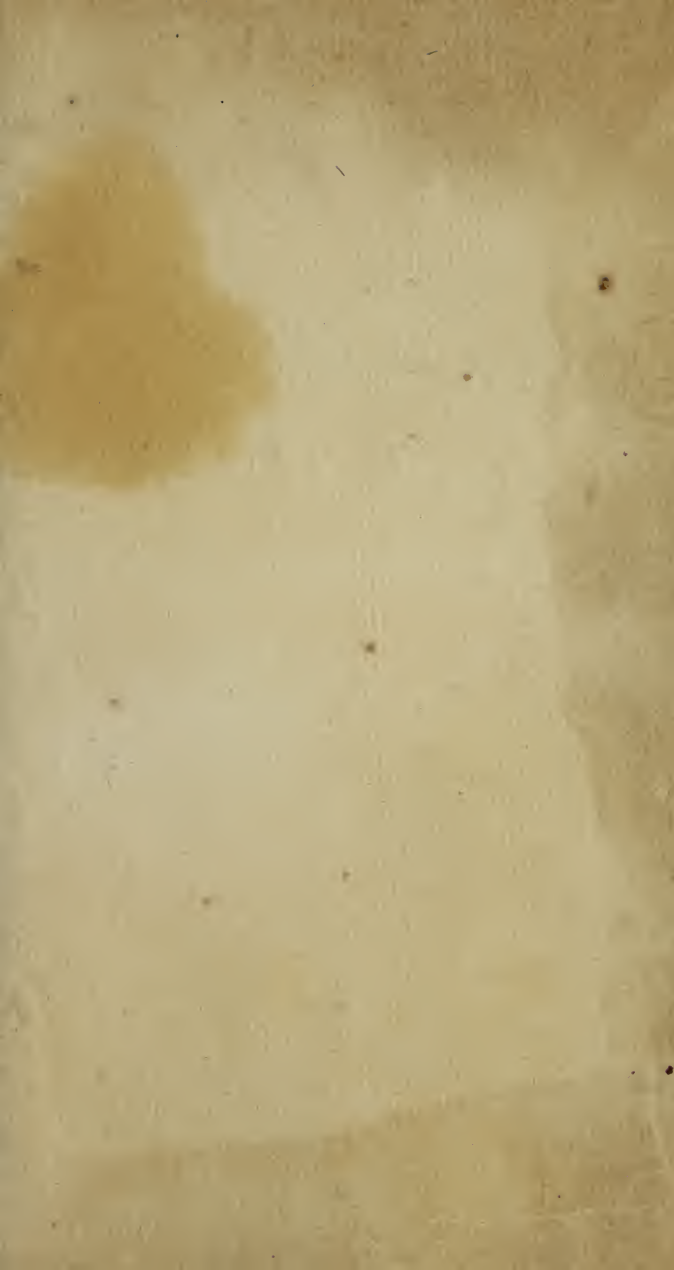
O F

V O L. V.

Le MISANTHROPE,
The MAN-HATER.

Le MEDECIN MALGRE LUI,
The MOCK-DOCTOR.

Le BOURGEOIS GENTILHOMME,
The GENTLEMAN-CIT.



The Man who

The Paper Band

The Gentleman but



